



THE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
FOR
JUNE, 1775.

PRIZE ESSAY.
THE
LIFE and OPINIONS of a SNAIL.

THE day was sultry, and I chose to evade the scorching beams of the sun, by sauntering along a shady walk, where an impenetrable hedge of yew intercepted his more ardent rays, and the gently-waving branches of the alders, here and there planted on the opposite side, caused an artificial breeze, that soothed the fancy, while it allayed the fervour of the heat. At the end of this walk was a most beautiful arbour.— Nature seemed to have directed her favourite woodbines to climb up the arched roof of this sweet recess, and there hanging in artless festoons to shed their most delicious balms. The jessamine too intermixed her light foliage, and her silver blossoms emitted the most delicate odours; while the more blooming rose seemed to vie with both, in beauty and fragrance.

Allured by these united sweets, I entered, and sat down on the verdant turf that was raised within; and being fatigued with the heat, reclined in a musing posture. Casting my eyes around, I perceived a SNAIL, that thrust its long and white neck out of the finest-coloured

shell I had ever beheld. Its delicate transparent horns waved gently as it moved, and seem'd placed there as sentinels to give warning of approaching danger.

I stretched forth my hand, took it up, and being always fond of these little animals, laid it upon my arm, where it glided along, as though in search of a more suitable asylum. I began to consider what were the conceptions of these creatures; whether they had any complex, or even simple ideas; whether they had the sensations of fear, or recollection of evil; and whether they had the passions of human kind, such as love, hate, gratitude, and resentment, &c. &c. But the apparent impossibility of ever attaining a perfect knowledge of these points, threw a damp on my spirits; and becoming dull and languid, I at last fell from my reverie into a profound sleep.

Scarce had I closed my eyes, when methought the little animal on my arm spoke in articulate sounds, and addressed itself to me in the following words:

“ Be not surprized to hear one of the reptile tribe speak as in a human voice;

G g

you

you yourselves can teach a parrot, a jay, or a magpie to utter whole sentences; then why wonder, if Nature, more powerful than Art, should endue me with this faculty? All the animal parts of the creation have a speech, whereby they communicate their wants and apprehensions to each other; and we all understand the language of the place we live in, better than the pride of human nature will chuse to admit. What makes me now speak, is to ask you, for what reason so many of your species are afraid, or *affected* to be afraid, of touching us Snails, who are the most harmless of all reptiles."

I attempted to answer the little creature, by talking of subtle affections and antipathies, and shudderings, and creepings, and nervous systems,—*wishing* to find an excuse for this trifling weakness, so often met with among the Fine Ladies of my own, and the Delicatisimos of the other sex. But in vain was all my rhetoric; the poor Snail would not be reasoned out of its rationality; and I was obliged to acknowledge, by my silence, that all the refined subtleties of argument were not a match for the plain and sober dictates of pure uncorrupted nature.

Willing to change the subject, I asked the Snail in what manner he passed his time? and what part of the garden was its birth-place? "I was produced (said he) among the leaves of a peach tree, and only escaped the merciless hands of the gardener, by the minuteness of my size; but my mother, who was larger than I am now, was destroyed by an horrible crush. The sound of it still thunders in my ear; and I have ever since sought a low station, as the best security from danger. Yet notwithstanding this precaution, I had like to have been executed by the hand of the same destroyer. I was sliding softly along the leaf of a strawberry plant, in order to regale myself with a few drops of dew, which having fallen the preceding night on that rich fruit, were become more delicately sweet than even the fruit itself. Thus gliding on, careless of approaching evil, I was seized by the hand of that rude spoiler; when instantly I heard the voice of the tender-hearted Amelia, who called out to him not to hurt such an innocent,—such a harmless wanderer. He would have expostulated with her; and said a great deal about the destruction of his fruit, and the injury that all of our species did to the young seedlings. She would not suffer him to proceed, but taking me between her soft fingers, she relieved me from his

unjust sentence, and carrying me into this arbour, laid me gently down. I had withdrawn into my shell at the first sound of the gardener's feet, but finding myself under the protection of my benefactress, I ventured out, and bending my neck, and stretching out my horns, to shew my gratitude, I strove to kiss the soft hand that had saved me from destruction.—She seemed to understand my wishes, and laying me on her arm—"Yes, little unoffending animal, said she, I will preserve thee from this danger; thou shalt live out thy little life, and fulfil the end of thy creation; live then, and eat freely of the produce of my garden; that Providence which sent thee here, will amply provide for all thy wants; and when thou and all thy species are supplied, there will still remain a sufficient portion for me and mine." I would have thanked her for her unmerited goodness, but hearing the sound of her dear Leander's feet, she hastily laid me down, and turned to meet him, with a heart replete with love and kind affections;—for surely they alone know how to love, who have their hearts melted with the warm beams of benevolence; nor can that bosom be said to feel the tender passion, that can for a moment wish that the smallest part of the creation should suffer pain. She was repaid by the tender caresses of her fond partner, and sitting down where you are now, they entered into a most improving and delightful conversation. Since that time, I scarcely pass a day without coming here, with the hope of meeting them; and I never have that satisfaction, without being at once made happier and wiser.—They read and chat alternately, intermingling the kindest expressions of regard; and by listening to them, I am taught more knowledge than I could attain, were I to travel the whole ten years that is allowed to be the general term we Snails are suffered to creep upon the earth."

Hearing the Snail talk of travelling, "pray, (said I) how far have your peregrinations ever extended?" "Not far, (said he) for when we once find a fertile and well cultivated spot, there we fix.—Gardens are our cities, and trees and flower-beds our neighbourhoods. But could we be contented to live in fields and hedges, though our diet might be plainer, yet should we be more secure; and consequently, having less evil to apprehend, be a great deal more happy. But who knows what is most for their advantage? and knowing it, who follows the dictates

of Nature, if they happen to interfere with their present passions and desires?— Yet think not that some of us have not experience, and wisdom too, to correct their errors. There is here, at present an ancient Sage, who has past his eleventh year; he came from the farthest end of the adjoining field, and having in his youth heard of the productions of this garden, (not then in the possession of Amelia) he resolved that no expence of time or pains should prevent his undertaking the journey. What will not industry and application effect! In the space of six summers he gained the bottom of the garden; and making his way through a close hedge, he with incredible pains and fatigue became an inhabitant of this improvement.— Two summers has he spent in tracing the numberless windings of its paths, feeling the softness of its grass-plats, and tasting the variety of its fruits. Yet now, after all his researches, he declares that happiness can only be found in the unfrequented vale; and advises us to re-trace his steps, assuring us, that the calm, uninterrupted tranquility which is the result of liberty and security, will amply recompense the trouble of piercing through the closest hedge, and the sweet purity of the untainted air will make sufficient amends for the few dainties not to be found in the open fields.—He would himself return, but age and infirmities confine him to this spot; and every rising and setting sun he laments his temerity that drew him into this region. However, few, if any, will listen to his wife admonitions; not one has ever yet been tempted to seek barren liberty, at the price of luxurious confinement; and, like the patriots amongst you, we find the theory vastly more agreeable than the practice, especially if our seeming interest interferes.—For my own part, I should certainly leave this garden, were it not that I have here the happiness and advantage of listening to the wife Leander, and his beloved Amelia; while he teaches *her*, he instructs *me*; and with a kind of conscious pride I strive to emulate his sweet scholar.— Whilst they are conversing, methinks the air breathes a fresher fragrancy, the birds sing a sweeter note, and every blade of grass feels softer to my touch."

The good Snail would have proceeded in his rapturous praises of his two favourites, but I interrupted him by remarking, that although I had heard him often mention his ideas of hearing, tasting, feeling, and smelling, yet had he never once mentioned the faculty of *seeing*. "How

should I? (said he) I understand not what it means. If it be a *sense*, none of our species are endued with it; nor do I comprehend what it can possibly be." I began to explain it to him; but being obliged to make use of the words light, shade, colour, objects, optics, &c. I found that, instead of giving him information, I was only leading myself into a wilderness, confusing his ideas, and burthening his comprehension with terms he could not possibly understand. "I find (said he) this is a mystery which Providence has not thought proper to unveil to us Snails; I will therefore rest satisfied, and enquire no farther." "Do you then doubt (said I) of there being such a sense?" "No; (said the honest Snail) I hear you say there is; I have, besides, heard my kind protectress, and her beloved Leander, speak in such a manner, that I cannot disbelieve it; nor indeed is there the least reason I should; for altho' my weak comprehension cannot expand itself, so as to receive full conviction from the demonstrations you offer, yet is there nothing in it positively against my reason, or contradictory to my other senses. I will therefore wait until that period shall arrive, when all Snails shall be taught to understand the doctrine of light and vision." "What, (said I) do you then believe that you are to be favoured with a future existence?" "Why not? (said he) Who has taught you that the spirit of life can be ever annihilated? We may sleep until the end of the world, as you may; and altho' not being endued with the faculty of sinning, as you are, we can claim no reward for our virtues, which are at best but mere negatives; yet, as we cannot possibly offend, so we may awake—not to taste that supreme happiness designed for your species, but to enjoy the calm, uninterrupted delight of wandering through the flowery paths and delicate groves of that paradise from which we are now expelled."

"Pray, (said I) since you could not possibly offend, how came you to leave the Garden of Eden?" "We have a tradition, (he replied) that when your first parents were driven from thence, a couple of us Snails happened to be sticking to the fig-leaves of which Eve had woven a covering; and she, not being quite so squeamish as your modern fine ladies, was no ways offended at our proximity, and very courteously (we thank her for her pains) carried us with her. We have likewise a tradition, that before

that expulsion, we Snails had the sense of seeing; but being found in bad company, we underwent our share of the punishment."

I was going to answer my little com-

municative friend, when the dinner-bell ringing, I was awaked from the most entertaining dream that I had ever had in my life.

Worcester.

HEBE.

For the MISCELLANY.

PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS,

(Not thro' DERISION, but by the way of NOVELTY)

Introduced to the READER, in the Dress of HUMOUR.

THE Devil, when tempting Christ, must have been a fool to expect to succeed, and the more so to think, that offering to the Lord of the world that dominion of it which several (comparatively mere worldlings) would despise,—would effect his purpose.

We have no cause to think highly of human nature, since the oracles of wisdom and truth assure us, that man is no more than a wild ass's colt.

Who knows but that prosperity and adversity prove sometimes the reverse of what the world esteem them; in which case 'tis obvious that adversity is prosperity, and prosperity adversity.

I apprehend, instead of money, the Apostle meant to say, that "*Woman* is the root of all evil;" for certainly, next to the devil, woman was the original root of all evil. Mischievous was first engendered betwixt the devil and the woman; that is to say, the devil is the father, and woman the mother of mischief.

Carry to their utmost latitude the arguments used by those who censure a mutual exchange of the products and commodities of different countries with each other, and we may farther infer, that because our meat was not sent ready roasted, it was intended that we should eat it raw; that since liquors don't spring, it was meant that we should not drink any; and that, because we are not born

cloathed, we were doubtless designed to go naked.

It is, perhaps, in a great measure owing to the inconsistency and absurdity of human prayers, that they are so seldom fulfilled. For instance, a band of courtiers, in adoring God with as little sincerity as they homage their prince, are all at once imploring the possession of a vacant sinecure, which it is impossible that more than one can enjoy: or the traveller is found petitioning heaven that the weather may continue fair during his journey, at the same time that the husbandman solicits rain to fertilize his ground: In short, too generally each prays for the gratification of his own desires, without considering whether they are compatible with that universal good to which the operations of Providence always tend.

How vain is the glory of the Conqueror! for in the midst of his exaltation at having subdued half our *ant-hill*; whilst mad with ambition, he is planning the conquest of the remaining part, Death plucks him from his throne, crushes him betwixt his fingers, and limits his ambition to a few square feet of ground at last.

'Tis best for us always to be prepared for death, least at any time he should take us napping.

AJAX.

The BOOK - WORM, an OCCASIONAL PAPER;

NUMBER VII.

EMULATION, when the object of it is virtuous, and the measure not excessive, has always been placed among the laudable exertions of human powers. It is indeed the most certain road to ex-

cellence in art, learning, politeness, virtue, and even religion. We are indebted to it, in a great degree, for all that is quoted, as example, for our imitation in every pursuit. From the Epic Poet, down

down to the Ballad-singer, we owe to Emulation whatever is most worthy of our remembrance and esteem.

There has been much dispute on the subject of Education, which is to be preferred, the public or the private. But surely the motives of Emulation afforded by the former, ought to determine us in its favour. The examples of vice which accompany those of Emulation, are the least prevalent on those youths, whose minds are fixed on excellence: and where the inclination is more attracted by sensuality and pleasure, than the arts and sciences, it may be doubted whether all the restraints of a private education will be sufficient to give it another propensity.

Even in mechanic arts, we chuse rather to put a boy apprentice to a master of great business, than to one who, tho' an excellent workman himself, has only his own particular example to set before his young pupil. And the reason is evident; the master of large business, though perhaps he shews none of his own work, exhibits a great variety of the performances of others employed by him, which become objects of Emulation to a lad of good parts and diligence.

If we ask the soldier, who has faced all the dangers of his profession, he will tell us how much he has been animated, and found his natural courage and fortitude improved, by the sight of so many companions engaged in the same toils, and surrounded by the same dangers. We call the Houses of Parliament the great schools of patriotism, because in them the spirit of liberty, and love of our country, speaks without controul on all national subjects. Even the private virtue of beneficence hath sometimes been awakened in a breast little used to compassion, when instances of great and noble charity have been shewn by others, whom they were emulous, if not of equalling, at least of imitating.

Thus far I have considered Emulation on the virtuous side; and it were to be wished that the present age was more fruitful in examples of this kind.

To view the other side of the picture, and to examine into the power of example in vicious pursuits, would be rather unsuitable to my present purpose, and might better become a declaimer against the immorality of the times.

We are furnished with a remarkable instance of Emulation in the following Tale of Mr. A. Phillips's,

The NIGHTINGALE and PEASANT.

WHEN *Shepherds flourish'd, in Eliza's*
reign,
There liv'd, in high repute, a jolly swain,
Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe
and sing,

And by his notes invite the lagging spring.
He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
In woodland bower, without a rival play'd
Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
Enchantment sweet, as ever wont to hear
Belated Wayfarers, from wake or fair
Detain'd by music hovering on in air:
Drawn by the magic of the inticing sound,
What troops of mute admirers flock around!
The steerlings left their food; and creatures,
wild

By nature form'd, insensibly grew mild,
He makes the gathering birds about him
throng,

And loads the neighbouring branches with
his song:

There, with the crowd, a Nightingale of fame,
Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came;
She turn'd her ear, and pause by pause, with
pride,

Like echo to the shepherd's pipe reply'd.
The Shepherd heard with wonder, and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various strain,
To all the various strains she plies her throat,
And adds peculiar grace to every note.

If Colin in complaining accent grieve,
Or brisker motion to his measure give,
If gentle sounds he modulate, or strong,
She, not a little vain, repeats the song;
But so repeats, that Colin half despis'd
His pipe and skill, around the country priz'd;
And—"sweetest fongster of the winged kind,
What thanks, said he, what praises shall I find
To equal thy melodious voice? In thee
The rudeness of my rural life I see;
From thee I learn no more to vaunt my skill."

Aloft in air she fate provoking still
The vanquish'd swain. Provok'd, at last,
he strove

To shew the little minstrel of the grove
His utmost powers, determin'd once to try
How art, exerting, might with nature vie;
For none could vie with either in their part,
With her in nature, or with him in art.

He draws in breath, his rising breast to fill;
Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to
thrill;

From note to note, in haste, his fingers fly;
Still more and more the numbers multiply;
And now they trill, and now they fall and
rise,

And swift and slow they change, with sweet
surprize.

Attentive the doth scarce the sounds retain;
But to herself first conns the puzzling strain,
And tracing, heedful, note by note repays.
The shepherd, in his own harmonious lays;
Through every changing cadence runs at
length,

And adds in sweetness what she wants in
strength.

Then Colin threw his pipe disgrac'd aside,
While the loud triumph sings, proclaiming
wide

Her

Her mighty conquest, and within her throat
Twirls many a wild unimitable note,
To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
A little harp of Maple-ware he bore;
The little harp was old, but newly strung,
Which, usual, he across his shoulders hung.
"Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell,
He said, and learn from hence thou dost excel
No trivial artist:" and anon he wound
The murmuring strings, and order'd every
sound;

Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
And both hands pliant on the strings extends;
His touch the strings obey, and various move,
The lower answering still to those above;
His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,
As in pursuit of harmony they go:
Now, slightly skimming, o'er the strings they
pass,

Like winds, which gently brush the plying
grafs,

While melting airs arise at their command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He sinks into the chords, with solemn pace,
To give the swelling tones a bolder grace;
And now the left, and now by turns the right
Each other chase, harmonious both in flight:
Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of
sounds,

'Till the sweet tumult through the harp
resounds.

Cease, Colin, cease, thy rival cease to vex;
The mingling notes, alas! her ear perplex:

She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
And hits imperfect accents here and there,
And fain would utter forth some double tone;
When soon she falters, and can utter none,
Again she tries, and yet again she fails;
For still the harp's united power prevails.
Then Colin play'd again, and, playing, sung;
She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
Hears all in pain: her heart begins to swell:
In piteous notes she sighs, in notes which tell
Her bitter anguish: he, still singing, plies
His limber joints: her sorrows higher rise.
How shall she bear a conqueror, who, before,
No equal through the grove in music bore?
She droops, she hangs her flagg'd wings, she
moans,

And fetcheth from her breast melodious
groans.

Oppress'd with grief at last, too great to quell,
Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she fell.

Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
And unavailing tears profusely shed,
And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his
skill;

And best to make atonement for the ill,
(If for such ill atonement might be made)
He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade;
Then adds a verse, and sets with flow'rs the
ground,

And makes a fence of winding osiers round.

"A verse and tomb is all I now can give;
And here thy name at least, he said, shall
live."

For the MISCELLANY.

The STUDIES of ASTRONOMY and PHILOSOPHY
RECOMMENDED.

THE sciences of Astronomy and Philosophy are studies, next to that of ourselves, the most worthy of cultivation, on account of the grand scenes they display, and the lofty ideas they transmit, of the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of the great Creator.

These sciences have, in all ages and countries flourishing in arts and politeness, engaged the attention of the curious, employed the pens of the most eloquent orators, and embellished the writings of the poets of the most elevated genius.

As to the first of these sciences,—the Astronomer has for the subject of his speculations the whole universe of material beings; he considers the nature of matter in general, and enquires by what laws the several parts of it act upon each other; but his thoughts are more particularly employed in investigating the nature of those great bodies that compose the visible system of the universe, which in common

speech are comprehended under the appellation of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.—

Those unacquainted with this sublime science, have no greater ideas of the Stars, than as a multitude of bright spangles dropped over the ætherial blue. They conceive no other of these fine appearances, than of their being so many golden studs, with which the Emphyrean Arch is decorated. But studious minds, that carry a more accurate and strict enquiry among these celestial lights, bring back advice of the most astonishing import, concerning their beautiful order, and the laws which govern them; which loudly proclaim the infinite wisdom of the divine Architect, in thus disposing of the matter with which the Universe is composed.

There is indeed no part of the Creation but what displays the wisdom, goodness and power of the Great First Cause to an attentive mind; but the *Heavens* in a most emphatical manner "declare the glory of God," and are nobly eloquent of the Deity, as well

well as the most magnificent heralds of their Maker's praise; so that in this divine book of creation the most unlettered may find enough to excite their admiration and praise.

By a little knowledge in this pleasing and wonderful science, we are enabled to contemplate that magnificent œconomy which pois'd the stars with such inexpressible nicety, and meted out the heavens with a span; where all is prodigiously vast, surprisingly various, yet more than mathematically true. By Astronomy we also learn to consider those golden luminaries in the heavens, which appear but as twinkling flames, to be in fact prodigious bodies, and as many suns to so many systems, each accompanied with its particular planetary equipage; therefore what a multiplicity of mighty spheres and worlds, unknown to us, must be perpetually running their various rounds in the immense regions of space; yet none mistake their way, nor wander from the paths assigned them; and though they travel through trackless and unbounded space, yet none fly from their orbs into extravagant excursions,—none press in upon their center with too near an approach, but all their revolutions proceed with eternal harmony, keeping such time, and observing such laws, as are most exquisitely adapted to the perfection of the whole.

How astonishingly capacious must be the expanse which yields room for those mighty globes, and their widely-diffused operations? "To what mighty lengths did the Almighty Architect stretch his line, when he measured out the stupendous platform?" Inconceivable extent! It swallows up our thoughts. Where are the pillars that support this grand majestic concave of the sky? How is that immeasurable arch upheld, unshaken, and unimpaired, while so many generations of bulky mortals have sunk and disappeared, as bubbles upon the stream? The stars, which are such prodigious bulks, how are they fastened in their lofty situations? by what miracle in mechanics are so many thousand pond'rous orbs preserved from collision, or striking against each other? Are they hung in golden or adamantine chains? Rest their their enormous load on rocks of marble, or on columns of brass? It is the Almighty Fiat that has breathed upon it, and hath thus animated nature with those wonderful principles or laws of projection and attraction, by which this mighty fabric is supported; the latter the all-combining cement, the

former the ever-operating spring. 'Tis by the mighty power of attraction that the vast worlds of matter hang *self-balanced* on their own centers, and tho' orbs of prodigious bulk, yet require nothing but this amazing property for their support and continuance.

Thus by means of the projectile impulse on one hand, and the attractive energy on the other, being both most nicely proportioned, and under the immediate operation of the Deity, the various globes run their radiant races without the least interruption or deviation, so as to produce the alternate changes of day and night, the pleasing vicissitudes of the seasons, the flux and reflux of the tides, (so useful to navigators) and a thousand others.

Let us then adore, with a reverential awe, that great and glorious Being, whose word gave birth to universal nature, and endued it with these surprising properties; that incomprehensible Being, who is perfect in knowledge, mighty in power,—whose name, whose nature, and operations, are great and marvellous, who summons into being, with equal ease, a single atom, or ten thousand worlds.

He sees with equal eye, as Lord of all,

A hero perish, or a sparrow fall:

Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,

And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Are our thoughts raised to admiration at this small sketch of nature? How then must we be lost in amazement at the consideration of the Creator himself, who is so far exalted above these his glorious works, that he looks far down on these dazzling spheres, and "sees the summit of Creation as in a vale," so great that this prodigious extent of space is but as a point in his presence, and all this confluence of worlds, compared with his own glory, as the lightest atom that fluctuates in air, and sports in the meridian ray.

Hail, sovereign Goodness! all productive mind;

On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:

How various all! how variously endu'd!

How great their number, and each part how good!

How perfect then must the Great Parent shine,

Who with one act of energy divine,

Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design.

BLACKLOCK.

—, WILKS.

WILKS.

To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

GENTLEMEN,

Observing in your last MONTHLY MISCELLANY, some judicious REFLECTIONS on ELECTION and REPROBATION, I have taken the liberty of sending you, as an Addition to what their sensible Writer has alledged, a few cursory Thoughts, which occurred to me some time since, upon the same subject, on seeing a question relative to PREDESTINATION proposed by the Members of a Disputing Club. I have not made any reference to Scripture, from whence this fatal doctrine is said to originate; nor have taken into consideration the various arguments which have been offered in support or confutation of it; but have confined my speculations to one point,—that of its repugnance to moral justice.

I am yours, &c.

Rochester.

B.

THE inquisitive curiosity of man, by tempting him to discover the causes of effects, often involves him in a labyrinth of thought, from which he can, with difficulty, extricate himself. It is this propensity which animates him in a vain attempt of explaining all the phenomena and events that happen both in the natural and moral world. To vindicate the ways of God to man, by physical deductions, is an endeavour which frequently betrays imbecility and arrogance. In the course of such enquiries, propositions will be started, which tend only to perplex the mind, instead of informing it; which in themselves are of no essential importance, and which in their own nature are too abstruse for mental disquisition.

There are certain theological mysteries, which it is impossible for the human mind to comprehend; and, even if clearly comprehended, can promote neither the interests of Religion, nor Virtue. Such mysteries, therefore, should be contemplated with veneration; because every attempt to demonstrate and define, what the reason of man can never understand, serves only to advance the cause of scepticism and infidelity. When the enemies of Revelation perceive, that its warmest advocates implicitly give their assent to tenets, which they endeavour to explain, but cannot, they are from thence tempted to conclude, that the whole system is involved in the same difficulties and uncertainty, and that the whole is the work of human invention.—It is impossible for man to reduce the proceedings of Providence to any established axioms or principles; for he knows not, neither is it necessary that he should know, by what laws the Deity governs the world. Attempts of this kind have given

birth to very dangerous doctrines, and, amongst these, that of Predestination is the most conspicuous; a doctrine, which, having been much promulgated of late by modern fanatics, it is the duty of every man, whenever he has an opportunity, to oppose; because it strikes at the very root of Religion and Morality, and tends to undermine all civil institutions whatever.

Allowing that the Deity comprehends, in one view, the past, the present, and the future, yet is it possible for finite reason to discover what effect this prescience has upon moral actions; or to reconcile it to the free-will of man? To admit of Predestination, is to destroy the freedom of the will; but without this operation of the will, there can be no morality in human actions. Upon this principle, the criminal who is executed for the crimes he has committed, must be acquitted of all moral turpitude, and be considered as suffering from political motives only,—as suffering for the preservation and good order of society, because he acted from impulsive and irresistible necessity. This, among other innumerable instances which might be mentioned, serves to prove what inconsistencies must result from the admission of this doctrine; the dangerous tendency thereof appears from the following considerations.

Absolute Predestination precludes the idea of a particular Providence; for if all the events of futurity are unalterably fixed, and this chain of things cannot, by any means, be broken, the interposition of any superior Being is not only unnecessary, but of no effect. This then destroys the dependence of the Creature upon the Creator.

Predestination likewise abolishes that hope and fear, which are the greatest incentives

centives to human actions, and by which, in some measure, is excited a love of virtue, and a detestation of vice. For the virtuous man can have no assurance of a reward, from the conviction that rewards and punishments are indiscriminately allotted, by being pre-ordained to every individual, even before he had determined on his future conduct. What must ensue from such a notion as this, but despair, and perhaps suicide? The vicious man, on the other hand, from a belief of this opinion, is emboldened to continue in the same course of sensual gratifications in which he is immersed. He reasons thus: that if he should meet with punishment, it will not be the consequence of guilt, but of a fortuitous jumble of events, which he could not have altered, or avoided. At the same time he flatters himself, that, at this very juncture, he is one of the elect, and a chosen vessel of divine favour.

This opinion tends likewise to destroy the peace of civil society, to confound all ideas of right and wrong, and to encourage a most daring licentiousness of manners. For even those men who profess to disbelieve Religion, and endeavour, by their sophistry, to invalidate and weaken its evidences, do yet allow of its utility from a political consideration, from the

opinion that a general belief of rewards and punishments to be distributed hereafter, according to the innocence and guilt of men's actions, has no small influence in making them good and peaceable subjects, and in disposing them to exercise all those relative duties, which are the bond and cement of society.

Predestination must also supersede the necessity of a future judgment; because mankind are already pre-judged, and their doctrines irrevocably fixed. What consolation then have the wretched and miserable in this life, when all their hopes and expectations of enjoyment in another are groundless? When they behold the choicest blessings of this world poured plentifully into the laps of the rich and fortunate, what motives have they for contentment in their present unhappy situation? The good man in distress has been comforted with the assurance, that though his virtue has not met with a reward here, but has rather been persecuted; whereas, on the other hand, vice has flourished and prospered; yet that there will be a time when all these inequalities shall cease, and the Providence of the Supreme Being vindicated from every imputation of injustice. But take away this pleasing expectation, and he is of all men the most miserable.

For the MISCELLANY.

A LETTER from a FATHER to his SON.

Dear Son,

AS I find by your enquiry into the character of Bishop Tillotson's works, that you are inclined to read Divinity, so I would by no means discourage you. But as there is hardly one article which is not disputed by one or other of the Christian sects, and as every art hath been used, and abundance of chicanery employed rather to disguise than discover truth; rather to bring people over to a party, or system, than to make them better men; so I think it my duty to lay before you such rules as I have found to be of use to myself, in discovering truth, and avoiding error.

Before you look into any controverted point in divinity, it will be proper for you to impress the following things on your mind, viz. That there is a God, the

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Maker and Governor of the Universe; that he is possessed, in an infinite degree, of every moral perfection; that he is happy in himself, and would have been so eternally, had mankind never existed; that his end in creating rational, moral, and intelligent beings, could be no other than to communicate happiness to them; that as no moral agent can be happy without being virtuous, so all laws that are of divine original, and come from God, as rules of his creature's conduct, must be of a moral nature, and have a moral tendency,—must be calculated to make men better men; *i. e.* to promote every personal or social virtue in them.

These sentiments are no less the dictates of nature, than they are the discoveries of revelation; these are truths to which you should give your assent as a man, as well as you should in the character

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of a Christian. These are primary principles, which, if all are not agreed in, few, if any, will openly dare to gainsay or dispute.

When you meet, therefore, with any disputed article, compare it with, and refer it back to, those truths which are certain and permanent, being supported by reason, and the current testimony of the Bible, and you will soon discover whether the doctrine is of God, or men. For instance, should any author endeavour to impress your mind with the common notion of original sin, i. e. that it was decreed that Adam should sin, and yet that his conduct in eating the forbidden fruit should be culpable or blame-worthy; that all his posterity sinned in him, tho' they had no existence, and that God visits the sins of the fathers on the children, &c.—Compare this doctrine with the moral attributes of God, and the tenor of his word, and you will find it cannot be true; for God, you will remember, is possessed of infinite *justice, mercy, and benevolence*. Ask yourself then, is it consistent with *justice* (to say nothing of *mercy and kindness*) to punish a person for that which it was impossible for him to avoid? to punish an innocent youth for the sins of a vicious sire? and let your judgment and conscience answer, making the case your own.

Again: suppose any author should endeavour to impress upon your mind the doctrine of substitution, or that God was so offended with sinful men, that he either could not, or would not, pardon them, upon their repentance and amendment, without first having punished an innocent person, namely, Jesus Christ, in their stead, to make satisfaction for them.—To suppose that the Deity *could not* pardon sin, is a reflection on his power, and that he *would not*, on his benevolence and mercy.

Try this doctrine by the aforesaid rules, and you will find reason to call the truth of it in question. It certainly cannot be true, if it is inconsistent with *justice, mercy, and goodness*. If it has a bad influence on the morals of mankind, it cannot be of God; which must be the case, when men presume on the merits of Christ for *acceptance and salvation*, whilst they pour contempt on moral righteousness, and the obligations of virtue. A doctrine that contradicts the moral attributes of God, and defeats the chief end of all his laws, must be false; and this you may discover, by trying things doubtful by things which are certain, by observing

what concurrence there is between received doctrines and the moral attributes of Deity, and what influence they have on human conduct.

That God is *wise, just, and good*, in an infinite degree, we are all as certain of as we are of our own existence; that his tender mercies are over all his works; that he has kind, and none but kind designs to all his rational creatures, we are no less certain of; and consequently when any thing is represented to us under the garb of religion, that either contradicts the general design of revelation, or is unworthy of his wisdom, justice, or goodness, let it be rejected; for you may be sure it is not of him, since his kindness extends to the whole creation, and especially to his rational, intelligent creature, Man. Besides, his wisdom will direct, and his goodness dispose him, to promulge such laws, and such only, as have a direct, natural, and clear tendency to make men morally good, humane, and sociable. For tho' our goodness cannot extend to him, so as to add to his happiness, yet as the whole of our duty consists in personal and social virtues, in imitating him in his moral perfections, all narrow, bigoted, and enthusiastical opinions, which make men *morose, censorious, or unsociable*, are so far from being a part of religion, that they are the bane and disgrace of it.

Moreover, as God is possessed of all moral excellencies and perfections, so is he also of all natural ones, and such indeed as are incommunicable to any other being, as *self-existence, omnipresence, omnipotence, &c.* and thence we may fairly conclude, there can be but *one* such being, and consequently it necessarily follows, that all such doctrines as that contained in the Athanasian Creed are absurd and false, the mere sorcery of school-divinity, propagated by the weakness or knavery of ignorant or designing Priests. And indeed if you give yourself leave to think seriously, and to judge of all doctrines by such as you know to be true and certain in their own nature, you will find reason not only to dissent from the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, but from most of the Creeds, Confessions and Catechisms of all other Churches.—My advice therefore is, to compare every sentiment you find in every author you read, with what I have before-mentioned to you, and embrace or reject, just as you see they agree or disagree with the reason and nature of things, the moral perfections of the Deity, the sure revelation of the Bible, and the end which all laws that

are divine must necessarily have in view. —In this call no man master, but judge for yourself, and if you pay a just regard to the aforesaid rules, you cannot err in any degree that may be hurtful to you; you will, indeed, in many things be pretty singular; (a thing I would by no means

have you to affect) yet where it is the result of serious thought, consideration, and impartial enquiry, I would by no means have you afraid of it. In this case it is no disgrace, but an honour to be singular.

I am, &c.

For the MISCELLANY.

FLAVIA; or, the UNHAPPY DAUGHTER;

A MORAL TALE.

MR. Bolton, an eminent merchant in the city of Bristol, by a train of successes, gained a very handsome fortune. He was married to a Lady, whom he sincerely loved; and, to add to his happiness, in a few years she presented him with a lovely daughter.

The naming of a child has in many families occasioned great disturbances; but Mr. Bolton was too kind a husband to cross his wife's inclinations in a matter of so trivial a nature, he therefore readily consented to her desire, and this little one (the joy of her parents) was called Flavia.

Miss Bolton, when arrived at a proper age, was sent to a boarding-school near London: in a short space of time, none of the scholars eclipsed her at the harpsichord, guitar, or dancing; her beauty, which here shone with meridian lustre, procured her, even in those early days, a numerous train of admirers. These circumstances were construed by her friends into favourable presages of her future conquests.

Thus Flavia was seemingly in a sure way to obtain the summit of human happiness, when an accident, which gave rise to all her subsequent misfortunes, caused her to be recalled home, to attend the funeral of her father, who was now dead. Mr. Bolton had been ill for a considerable time, but lest the knowledge of this should give his daughter pain, he concealed it from her. That sincere affection which I before observed this gentleman had for his wife, now shewed itself in a very imprudent action; perceiving that his dissolution was near, he made a will, in which he left the whole of his fortune to the disposal of his Lady.

Mrs. Bolton was a young woman; and a few months wore off those impressions of grief, which the death of her husband

had occasioned. She began to visit her friends and acquaintances, as usual; she appeared at the Theatre and the Assembly frequently. Picture to yourself, indulgent reader, a widow of five-and-thirty, handsome, and possessed of an independent fortune, to the amount of 15,000*l*. Can you imagine that such an one would long remain single, without receiving the meane's flattering addresses; without being complimented with the conquest of many a youthful heart, before unwounded; or, in fine, without receiving many offers of marriage?

Mrs. Bolton did not long want them; many suitors presented themselves, and this unfortunate, or rather imprudent Lady, made choice of the very worst among them. Parmenio proved successful. What was Parmenio? a gamester, a distinguished character among the ladies of easy virtue; and such a one, as let his fortune be what it would, never failed of making his expences exceed its limits; but then Parmenio was a man of a lively disposition, handsome, gay, and master of a good share of that flattering eloquence, which seldom fails to succeed with the ladies.

The fruits of Mr. Bolton's industry were now enjoyed by an object as unworthy as he was deserving of them.—Parmenio now gave full swing to his pleasures; he added several unhappy wretches to his seraglio, appeared more frequently at the gaming table, and plunged deeper into all his beloved excesses; and now that Mr. Bolton's conduct in his dying moments was injudicious, is obvious; for behold! Flavia is unprovided for! Parmenio has no affection for her; her mother dies of a broken heart; she is left to the wide world, without a fortune, and without a friend; for

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her mother's ill conduct deprived her of the friendship of those persons who should have assisted her in this predicament; and brought up only to be a Lady, she is incapable of supporting herself by any kind of laborious, domestic employment.

Miss Bolton, thus bereft of every hope of support, now turned her thoughts on some place of ease, the salary of which might be sufficient to procure her a subsistence. She enquired for such a one among her school-fellows, and as she was beloved by them, a young lady of fortune who had left the school, took her as her companion.

Miss Brown (for that was the name of her new mistress) lived with her brother, a man of levity. He was struck with the charms of his sister's companion, and harboured in his breast the ungenerous thought of seducing a poor orphan.—This gentleman, in order to effect his vicious purpose, shewed Flavia the utmost kindness and marks of affection; as she had not been prudently educated, her breast was not sufficiently impregnated with virtue, to support her against the delusive arts of this vile seducer; he made her the constant sharer of his pleasures, whether he went to the Theatre, the Assembly, or his intimates.

These affiduities to please had the desired effect on the unguarded heart of Miss Bolton; advanced thus far successfully, he now ventured to speak to her in the language of a disinterested lover. The artless maid gave credit to the artful tale; his first addresses were replete with the

repetitions of his honourable intentions; but as he proceeded propitiously, he by degrees slung off his delicacy, and soon dared to talk of the superiority of unrestrained love, over that of shackled matrimony; he proposed a competent settlement, set before her view a false picture of human happiness and grandeur; she was deceived, seduced, ruined; the settlement was not made; happiness she never enjoyed, grandeur was but a vision.—Her mistress was enraged at her conduct, and she was turned again friendless into the wide world.

In this wretched condition she went to London, where she applied for a place at a well-known Register Office; perceiving her to be young and handsome, they sent her to one of those commode ladies, who traffic with beauty, and increase the misery of the wretched.

In this seminary of vice she was soon laughed out of the little prudence she was possessed of, and persuaded to prostitute her charms to every abandoned libertine, who supplied her exigencies.—In this unhappy way of life she continued, until death, brought on by excesses, removed her from this wretched state.

I leave my judicious, attentive, and thoughtful readers, to make their own comments on this history, well convinced that their serious reflections on it will produce more beneficial effects than the best efforts of my feeble pen.

A. B.

ACCOUNT of that singular Character, the Chevalier DESCAZEAU;

Known by the Title of the FRENCH POET; who died lately in the FLEET.

[With a STRIKING LIKENESS of that celebrated Genius.]

THIS crazy retainer to the Muses was the natural son of a French financier, who for family reasons sent him over to England, and allowed him a small pension to live on; but either this pension was not regularly paid, or it was too scanty a pittance to furnish a support, as he ran in debt, and was, as before observed, lodged in a prison. Whether this confinement affected his intellects, or that it proceeded from some unknown cause, his mind however became disordered, and he was generally judged to be

mad. His poetical productions increased the grounds of this belief, as they were tinged with a wild turn of fancy, that rendered them generally incoherent and unintelligible. He usually wrote some lines upon the prevailing topic of the day, and as usually read them to every one he met. He was a very peaceable man, unless he judged himself affronted; and he was always nettled if any one held his productions in any degree of contempt.

During his confinement in the Fleet, he

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he was one day in particular greatly offended by a fellow prisoner, who had torn down his engraved picture, which he had fixed up in the coffee-room. Upon this occasion, though the offender was a stout athletic man, he flew at his antagonist with the rage of a tyger, and compelled him to ask pardon, and re-place his portrait. During his confinement, he let his beard grow to an uncommon length; but soon after his being released he cropped it, to decorate the bust of Homer, which he had in his apartment.

When discharged from his confinement, he made his appearance at many coffee-houses, where he entertained the company with his poetical productions, which generally created a laugh, and often procured him a dinner. These casual contributions were not, however, sufficient to support him with decency; and at one time his breeches in particular were in a very tattered plight, which being observed by some gentlemen at Slaughter's coffee-house, they made a subscription to purchase a new pair; but his pride, or caprice, or whatever it might be called, converted the money to another use; he purchased a feather for his hat, which he appeared in the next day, with his old ragged breeches.

He held Homer in the highest veneration, but considered Shakespeare as a mere jester and buffoon, who preserved no unities in his dramatic productions.—Congreve he censured very judiciously indeed for his licentiousness and libertinism. Neither would he allow Voltaire any considerable share of merit, considering him as his rival, who by the ignorance of the

world had been raised to a higher pitch of fame than himself.

Descazeau was so very tenacious of his poetical abilities, that he would utter the rudest and most impertinent expressions to any one that would not pay him the adulation to which he thought he had a just claim. One evening in particular being at Slaughter's coffee-house, and a gentleman not approving of an incoherent rhapsody he was repeating, he gave such bad language, that the gentleman was induced to lay his stick across his shoulders; upon which the Chevalier, who always carried a mourning sword in his hand, drew it, and wounded the gentleman in the arm. The consequence of this affair had like to have been very serious, as Descazeau's unarmed antagonist, being so justly provoked, would probably have demolished the poet, if the company had not interfered, and turned the bard into the street.

He latterly made a gay appearance, some nobleman having noticed him, and given him a cast-off embroidered coat, which he constantly wore. In this dress, with a mourning sword, and a tin case, which contained his works, and which resembled a truncheon, he every day visited the coffee-houses, and now raised more regular contributions, as some printer had generously printed his productions, and he sold the copies at a tolerable good price.

Although he had for several years gained his liberty by an act of insolvency, he never could be prevailed on to quiet the purlieus of the Fleet, in which he continued to the last.

SKETCH OF THE

CHARACTERS of the KINGS and QUEENS of ENGLAND.

From WILLIAM the CONQUEROR, to GEORGE I.

WILLIAM the First, who was called the Bastard, made a thorough conquest of this island, and was resolved to make the English feel their bondage, for he taxed them so highly, that he left them nothing to enjoy but a bare subsistence. He was avaricious and cruel to excess. He dispeopled a great part of Hampshire, and demolished houses and

churches to make a forest for the habitation of wild beasts, to enjoy his favourite diversion of hunting.

William Rufus had all the vices of his father, without any of his virtues. It is enough to say that all historians speak ill of him, and none produce any of his good actions.

Henry the First, in order to secure the Crown

Crown of England to himself, against the just claim of his elder brother, Robert Duke of Normandy, restored the laws of Edward the Confessor, and acted in many respects with great prudence and wisdom. He sullied his reputation by the cruelty he shewed to his brother Robert, whom he kept a prisoner 26 years. Some historians say, that he caused Robert's eyes to be put out by burning glasses.

Stephen obtained the Crown by perjury, and brought in an army of foreigners to support his illegal claim. Stephen was, notwithstanding, brave and merciful.

Henry the Second was one of the greatest and most accomplished princes that ever lived;—brave, generous, just, learned, affable, and magnificent. But, notwithstanding all his good qualities, his life was rendered unhappy, and his reign inglorious, by Becket, the proud Archbishop of Canterbury, and his rebellious children.

Richard the First had nothing to recommend him but a kind of brutal fierceness called bravery. Pride, avarice, and lust were his favourite vices. He loaded his people with excessive taxes and impositions, which the good-natured English did not repine at, because they acquired some honour by the king's prowess.

His successor John was still more odious than his brother Richard. He is said to have killed his nephew Arthur with his own hands. He was insolent in prosperity, and dejected in adversity.

Henry the Third was more weak than wicked. His chief fault was excessive profuseness to his favourites.

Edward the First was a great prince, and a good legislator, but his ambition carried him beyond all bounds. His several ravages of Scotland are unjustifiable, and his behaviour to Sir William Wallace, whom he put to an ignominious death for fighting in the cause of his country, will be an indelible blot on his memory.

Edward the Second was of an easy, weak, impotent character, and governed entirely by his favourites. He was cruelly murdered by his wife, and her minion, Earl Mortimer.

Edward the Third was certainly a Prince of great abilities, and a successful warrior, but his conquests were of no service to England; he lost most of them in the latter part of his reign, when he abandoned himself in his old age to a favourite mistress.

Richard the Second was cruel, head-

strong, and unjust; governed by mean and insignificant favourites. He was deposed, and put to death by his successor.

Henry the Fourth having usurped the Crown, and put his lawful Sovereign under close confinement, could not be easy till he had put him to death. He was a man of abilities, and supported with vigour his unjust title to the Crown. He is said to have felt remorse for his crimes of murder and usurpation.

Henry the Fifth was a brave and successful warrior, but his conquests in France were of no use but to drain England of men and money, and to acquire territories which could not be preserved.

The weakness of Henry the Sixth gave rise to the disputes between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which occasioned the shedding deluges of blood. This Prince would have made a good headman.

Edward the Fourth was brave, and wanted neither wit nor judgment, but at the same time was luxurious, debauched, cruel, and perfidious.

Edward the Fifth was murdered, when a boy of 13 years old, by his uncle and successor.

Richard the Third made his way to the Throne thro' dissimulation, perfidy, and every act of injustice and cruelty.

Henry the Seventh enacted good laws, but he was jealous and suspicious in his temper to an extravagant degree. He descended to the low arts of an usurer to raise money; he let loose his two blood-hounds Empson and Dudley to rob and pillage his subjects.

Henry the Eighth was a Prince of fine outward accomplishments; but became a monster of cruelty and lust. Sir Walter Raleigh says, that if the characters of all other wicked princes were lost, they would be found in Harry the Eighth.

Edward the Sixth was a very promising Prince, but he died very young.

Queen Mary was a weak, persecuting bigot. She felt no remorse for shedding the blood of her innocent subjects.—Religious frenzy is the worst species of madness.

Elizabeth, her sister, was adored by her subjects, and admired and dreaded by foreign nations. But the Rev. Dr. Hurd has, in a pedantic dialogue, endeavoured to tarnish her reputation, by representing her in odious colours.

The very name of James the First excites ridicule, contempt, and disgust. He was called the wisest fool in Europe, for he excelled in nothing but trifles. He was entirely governed by two lascivious boys,

'Tis past fix. Does it rain? Is it fair? Is the wind easterly? Is it warm? Is it cold? Shall I ride? Shall I walk? Shall I put on my furtout? I will.

"How fresh, how enlivening, how inspiriting the air! how thick, how foggy this head! Let it alone, said I, soliloquizing; perhaps the fog may disperse.

"Surely, thought I, man is but an emmet,—finding that, in my walk, I had accidentally stuck my cane in an emmet's nest, and thrown their whole empire into confusion;—surely man is but an emmet; very important in his own eyes—very insignificant in those of superior beings.—What a bustle do they make about this attack on their little world, and what conjectures about the cause of it! They think, poor souls, that because their little pursuits are interrupted, the whole frame of nature is falling. "At least (say they) 'tis an earthquake." "Tis nothing (said I) but a cane." "Thou art getting (whispered Conscience) out of thy path." "I will recover it (said I) presently:" (I wish good folks you would all obey its dictates as readily) and on I plodded, discarding (that is as far as Messrs. the Metaphysicians will give me leave) all ideas, whether of sensation or reflection, and neglecting all simple modes either of duration or space, except only the mode of advancing one leg before the other, which, by dint of continual application, I had discovered to be a convenient mode for the mensuration of both.

Now if any one, taking advantage from the foregoing passage, should impute to Honorius an heretical opinion, that emmets really possess rational souls, I here absolutely protest against the consequence. Not but that, in spite of their diminutive size, I am humbly of opinion, it is possible they may contain souls as wide as some of your Reverences.

"Every suffering, began I to moralize, has its conclusion, and perhaps its advantage. Tea and hot rolls will shortly recompense the fatigue of my walk.

"An essay against Predestination! cried I, sipping my tea, and taking up the Monthly Miscellany for April—

"'Tis an excellent roll—

"—And how does the author get rid of that ugly chapter of St. Paul?—Why, he e'en cuts it quite out—Oho! a short way with Dissenters indeed! your very humble servant, Mr. ———.

"Stop, (cries Sir Critic) here is a manifest blunder! You have fixed this conversation to the first day of April, and you

take up a pamphlet which was not published till the fifteenth. It is an anachronism." "Only consider, Sir," would I reply with all the gentleness and urbanity imaginable,—laying at the same time my fore-finger on his breast, to elicit, if possible, one spark of compassion;—"only consider, I beseech you, if authors did not now and then throw down a charitable bone, what would your family, and your relations the Commentators, do for a subsistence?" I must postpone my defence to some future period of this delectable history—time presses—business is urgent—I have two dishes of tea yet to drink, and a chapter of the Roman History to finish.

This Tarquin the Proud, what a monster of iniquity! but her wife Tullia, driving her chariot on her father's dead body! "It cannot be!" said Humanity, throwing down the book with indignation. "It is true," said Mr. Hooke.—"All the charities of Nature disprove it *a priori*," replied Humanity. "Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Livy, and all the historians prove it *a posteriori*," rejoined Mr. Hooke. "I am sorry for it," said I, interposing, and breaking off the dispute.

"—— Mr. Elegit, Sir, calls to request your attendance at the ensuing trial between A. and B. to give evidence on the part of his client, the plaintiff."

"Pish! (said I) why has he chosen to plague me in the business?"

(The pun wiped away in some degree the effects of the pish. It was not a pish of ill nature. It was a pish of sensibility. The idea of an examination, and cross examination, struck upon the weak nerves of Honorius, who was a valetudinarian, and brought a sympathetic suffusion over his cheek. He was indeed "tremblingly alive all o'er," and his sensibility approximated sometimes to irritability; which your worships know is within a letter or two of irascibility. This is a weakness; but I write an history, not an apology.)

"But public justice, Sir"—

"I comprehend, Mr. Elegit, the force of your argument. But what is the state of the case?"

"The declaration, Sir, sets forth,—that the Defendant B. late of C. in the parish of D. and county of E. did, on the second of September, in the year of our Lord, 1774, with force and arms, fish in the free fishery of the Plaintiff A. at D. in the county aforesaid; and thereout and therefrom did take and carry away certain fish, to wit, one jack, four barbels, and 15 gudgeons;

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"contrary to the statute in such case
"made and provided, whereby the said
"Plaintiff A. says, declares, and will
"prove, that he is injured, and hath suf-
"tained damage and loss, to the amount
"of two shillings and six-pence, and
"thereupon he brings his suit."
"Gentle powers of love and concord!
(exclaimed I) could ye not shed one
drop of your healing balm on these
wounded spirits? Do they consider that
every plea, replication, and rejoinder,
brings them a step forwarder on their jour-
ney thro' life? Why should they waste
the little oil remaining in their lamps, in
lighting up these flames of contention!—

Was there no kind friend, no generous
neighbour, to negotiate a treaty of peace
between them?"
"That's not my business—"
"True, Mr. Elegit—I remember (re-
sumed I) to have had some discourse with
a stranger about that time and place.—
He told me part of his story—It was a
melancholy one—I am not capable, said
he, of enjoying any but calm and placid
amusements. He intended, poor man,
no injury.
"It may be so," returned Elegit.
"I will speak (added I) to the plain-
tiff—"
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For the MISCELLANY.

LETTERS from a FATHER to his DAUGHTER.

L E T T E R I.

My dear Child,

IT was with pleasure I observed the im-
provement you seem to have made in
your behaviour, by the opportunities you
have already had. Good behaviour is a
valuable attainment, and serves much to
recommend a young person in the world.
But there are some good qualifications
worthy of being acquired, of as great, or
perhaps greater importance, towards dis-
charging the several duties of life, and ap-
pearing with credit and respect in the
world. As I am not like soon to have an
opportunity of conversing with you as I
expected, and communicating to you, by
words, my thoughts on various heads, I
am willing to give you some advice for
your future conduct, by letter.

Oeconomy, or the art of managing the
affairs of a family, in their several parts,
so as to provide in due order for all the
occasions of it, and the making a hand-
some appearance in a most frugal manner,
is a very useful and valuable knowledge,
such as tends much to promote the future
comfort and prosperity of a family, and
make a woman shine in her sphere; and
is undoubtedly an art well worth study-
ing, and labouring after, and, I think,
stands in the front of female accomplish-
ments.

But, as women are reasonable creatures
as well as men, I am not for limiting
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their regards only to the cares of a fa-
mily; on the contrary, I think it highly
deserves their care, to improve the facul-
ties of their understandings as far as they
can.

It is, I think, a reproach to the present
age, that, notwithstanding our pretensions
to great advancement in knowledge and
learning, so little care is taken in improv-
ing the minds of the female sex; the prin-
cipal accomplishments of many of whom
are dress and chit-chat. But I would not
have you, my dear daughter, content
yourself with being like such.—I hope
better things of you.

As you live in an age, in which true
knowledge and learning are at so low
an ebb in your sex, a small degree of
learning, which may be easily obtained,
will make a woman appear to great ad-
vantage among her sex; tho', that they
are capable of great improvement, as well
as men, in knowledge, and even in deep
learning, there are now and then instances
to evince, tho' but rare, which I will not
impute to the scarcity of good capacities
in the sex, but to the negligence of the
present age, in point of female educa-
tion.

The first step I would recommend to
you towards knowledge and true wisdom,
is the knowledge of God, and his relation
to you. I do not doubt your belief of
the being and providence of God; but I
I i would

the children dine; and once a week, attended by the whole offspring in pairs, make the little delightful tour of Richmond Gardens. In the afternoon the Queen works, and the King reads to her; and whatever charms ambition or folly may conceive await so exalted a situation, it is neither on the throne, nor in the drawing-room, nor in the splendor of the toys of sovereignty, that they place their felicity; it is in social and domestic gratifications, in breathing the free air, admiring the works of nature, tasting and encouraging the elegancies of art, and in living to their own hearts. In the evening all the children again pay their duty at Kew-house, before they retire to bed, and the same order is observed through each returning day. The Sovereign is the father of his family; not a grievance reaches his knowledge, that remains unredressed, nor a character of merit or ingenuity disregarded; his private conduct therefore is as exemplary as it is amiable; and was he only as happy in his counselors as his immediate predecessors, there would be little doubt of his equalling them in glory.

Though naturally a lover of peace, his personal courage cannot in the smallest degree be impeached; he exercises his troops himself, understands every martial manœuvre as well as any private centinel in his service, and has the articles of war at his fingers ends. Topography is one of his favourite studies; he copies every capital chart, takes the models of all the celebrated fortifications, knows the foundations of the chief harbours in Europe, and the strong and weak sides of most forti-

fied towns. He can name every ship in his navy, and he keeps lists of the commanders. As all these are private, and self-elected acquisitions, it may be justly presumed that if care had been taken of his education, he would have been no less skilful in the *arts of government*, than in these under-branches of princely occupation.

The Prince of Wales, and the Bishop of Osnaburgh bid fair, however, for excelling the generality of mankind in learning, as much as they are their superiors in rank: eight hours close application to the languages, and the liberal sciences, is daily enjoined them, and their industry is unremitting: all the ten are indeed fine children, and it does not yet appear that parental partiality is known at Court.

Exercise, air, and light diet, are the grand fundamentals in the king's idea of health and sprightliness; his Majesty feeds chiefly on vegetables, and drinks little wine. The Queen is what many private gentlewomen would call whimsically abstemious; for at a table covered with dainties, she culls the plainest and the simplest dish, and seldom eats of more than two things at a meal. Her wardrobe is changed every three months; and while the nobility are eager to supply themselves with foreign trifies, her care is that nothing but what is English shall be provided for her wear. The trade-men's bills are regularly paid once a quarter for what comes under the children's department, and the whole is judiciously and happily conducted.

[*Land. Mag.*]

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

QUESTION.

Dr. Smollett, in his History of England, observes, "That when the Britons and Caledonians opposed the inroads of the warlike Romans, headed by their courageous and potent Emperor *Severus*, in the second century, that they (the Britons and Caledonians) had a very extraordinary Eatable, of which the bigness of a common Bean was sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger and thirst."—What was this Eatable?

Salisbury.

H. S.

IT is impossible to give a positive answer to this enquiry; but it is well known that the Ancients had many compositions for allaying thirst and hunger. I have selected here a few of their receipts, which

were of infinite service in times of scarcity, long voyages, and warlike expeditions.

In a manuscript scholium on a book of Heron, in the Vatican Library, is the following direction for making the Epimen-

dian composition, which was deemed a very nourishing medicine :

The sea onion being boiled, washed with water, and afterwards dried, was cut into very thin slices, to which a fifth part of sesame was added, and a fifteenth of poppy ; all which being mixed and worked up into a mass with honey, the whole was divided into portions about the bigness of a walnut, whereof two in the day, taken morning and evening, were sufficient to prevent both hunger and thirst.

There was also another way of preparing it, by taking a pint of sesame, the same quantity of oil, and two quarts of unshelled sweet almonds ; when the sesame was dried, and the almonds ground and sifted, the sea-onions were to be peeled and sliced, the roots and leaves being cut off ; then pounding them in a mortar till reduced to a pap, an equal part of honey was to be added, and both worked up with the oil : afterwards all the ingredients were to be put into a pot, on the fire, and stirred with a wooden ladle, till thoroughly mixed. When the mass acquired a solid consistence, it was taken off the fire, and formed into lozenges, of which two only, as above, were very sufficient for a day's subsistence.

Avicenna relates, that a person, setting out upon a journey, drank one pound of oil of violets, mixed with melted beef suet, and afterwards continued fasting for

ten days together, without the least hunger. He says, that the oil of almonds and beef-suet will effect the same, by their viscidty. Hence it was that this celebrated physician, who knew things more by unquestionable experiments, than by idle speculations and conjectures, prescribed the following composition, which, in time of famine by sea or land, might be extremely serviceable.

Take of unshell'd sweet almonds one pounds, and the like quantity of melted beef-suet ; of oil of violets two ounces ; a sufficient quantity of mucilage ; and of the roots of marsh-mallows one ounce ; let all together be brayed in a mortar, and made into bolusses about the bigness of a common nut. They must be kept so as to prevent their melting by the heat of the sun.

The American Indians use a composition of the juice of tobacco, with calcined shells of snails, cockles, oysters, &c. which they make into pills, and dry in the shade. Whenever they go upon a long journey, and are likely to be destitute of provisions by the way, they put one of these pills between the lower lip and the teeth, and by swallowing what they suck from it, feel neither hunger, thirst, nor fatigue, for four or five days together.

H. J.

SELECT OBSERVATIONS ON SIMILAR SUBJECTS.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

MUSIC.

I.

THE powers of Music are either felt or known by all men, and are allowed to work strangely upon the mind and the body, the passions and the blood ; to raise joy and grief ; to give pleasure and pain ; to cure diseases, and the mortal sting of the Tarantula ; to give motions to the feet, as well as to the heart ; to compose disturbed thoughts ; to assist and heighten devotion itself. We need no recourse to the Fables of Orpheus or Amphion, or the force of their music upon fishes and beasts : 'tis enough that we find the charming of serpents, and the cure or allay of an evil spirit or possession attributed to it in sacred writ.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

II.

The breathing flutes' soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound ;
The vaulting roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and Those the trembling string.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire ;
Not fierce Theodomas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Pope.

III.

Orpheus's mistress was Music. The powers of it are enchanting : it lulls the reason, and raises the fancy in so agreeable a manner, that we forget ourselves while it lasts : the mind turns dissolute and gay ; and hugs itself in all the deluding prospects and gay wishes of a golden dream ; whilst every accent is warbled

qvq

over by a charming voice, a silly song appears found morality; and the very words of the Opera pass for sense, in presence of their *accompagnamento*. But no sooner does the Music cease, than the charm is undone, and the fancies disappear. The first *sober look* we take of it breaks the spell, and we are hurried back, with some regret, to the common dull road of life, when the florid illusion is vanished.

BLACKWELL.

IV.

— Ever against eating cares

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice thro' mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony:
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

L'ALLEGRO.

— O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bowery,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek!

IL PENSEROSO.

It is a property of Music, that the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is in which it finds the hearer. Hence Milton makes the self-same strains of Orpheus proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such Music,

That Orpheus self may heave his head, &c.
If to melancholy,—

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing, &c.

See WARBURTON'S SHAKESPEAR,
Vol. III. p. 118.

V.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold,
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence!
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, thro' the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness 'till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,

Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled * Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs;
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd
soul,
And lap it in Elysium. Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself:
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now.

COMVS.

VI.

I have often wondered to hear men of good sense and good nature profess a dislike to Music, when at the same time they do not scruple to own, that it has the most agreeable and improving influences over their minds: It seems to mean an unhappy contradiction, that those persons should have an indifference for an art, which raises in them such a variety of sublime pleasures.

VII.

— Do but note a wild and wanton herd
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud—

(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of Music. Therefore the
Poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,
and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of
rage,

But Music for the time doth change his nature.
SHAKESPEAR.

VIII.

The force of sound in alarming the passions is prodigious. Thus the noise of thunder, the shouts of war, the uproar of an enraged ocean, strike us with terror: so again, there are certain sounds natural to joy, others to grief and despondency, others to tenderness and love; and by hearing *these*, we naturally sympathize with those who either *enjoy* or *suffer*. — Thus Music, either by imitating these various sounds in due subordination to the laws of *air* and *harmony*, or by any

* A Kirtle is a woman's gown: a word used by Chaucer and Spenser. It is also used by Shakespear, in 2 Hen. IV. Act II. Sc. II. Falstaff says to Doll, "What will you have a Kirtle of?" And in one of his sonnets, A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle, Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

other

other method of association bringing the objects of our passions before us, does naturally raise a variety of passions in the human breast, similar to the sounds which are expressed: and thus, by the Musician's art, we are often carried into the fury of a battle or a tempest; we are by turns elated with joy, or sunk into pleasing sorrow; roused to courage, or quelled by grateful terrors; melted into pity, tenderness, or love; or transported to the regions of bliss, in an extacy of divine praise.

AVISON.

IX.

"—— Hark! What pleasing sounds invite mine ear,
"So venerably sweet?" 'Tis Sion's lute.
"Behold her hero!" From his valiant brow

Looks Judah's lion, on his thigh the sword
Of vanquish'd Appolonius. The shrill trump
Through Bethoron proclaims th' approaching fight.

I see the brave youth lead his little band,
From toil and hunger faint, yet from his arm
The rapid Syrian flies.

"The hero comes!"—'Tis boundless mirth
and song,

And dance, and triumph, every lab'ring string
And voice, and breathing shell, in concert strain

To swell the raptures of tumultuous joy.

LANGHORNE.

X.

I could heartily wish there was the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our Church Music, as have been lately bestowed on that of the Stage. Our Composers have one very great inducement to it; they are sure to meet with excellent words, and at the same time a wonderful variety of them.—There is no passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired writings, which are proper for divine songs and anthems. Music, when thus applied, raises noble hints in the minds of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions: it strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture.

ADDISON.

XI.

—— Let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloyster pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antic pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows rightly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
"There let the pealing organ blow
"To the full-voic'd quire below,

* Judas Maccabeus.

† Chorus of Youths in Judas Maccabeus.

"In service high, and anthems clear,
"As may with sweetness, thro' mine ear,
"Dissolve me into extacies,
"And bring all heav'n before mine eyes."

IL PENSEROSO.

XII.

It was the custom of this time (speaking of the reign of Charles the Second) for almost every rhymist to try his hand in an Ode to St. Cecilia: we find many dépicable rhapsodies so called in Tonson's Miscellanies. We have there also preserved another, and an earlier Ode of Dryden on this subject. It was set to Music, 1687, by J. Baptista Draghi.—One stanza I cannot help inserting in this note:

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And wond'ring on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well—
What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

The reader, doubtless, observes the fine effect of the repetition of the last line; as well as the stroke of nature, in making those rude hearers imagine some God lay concealed in this first musician's instrument.

WARTON.

XIII.

Strike up, my masters,
But touch the strings with a religious softness
Teach sounds to languish thro' the night's dull ear,
Till Melancholy start from her lazy couch,
And Carelessness grow convert to Attention.

THEOBALD.

XIV.

The good and evil in a state depends greatly on the Music that is most encouraged in it. If it be too *light* and *wanton*, the people are insensibly rendered foolish and disorderly; if, on the contrary, it be *grave* and *masculine*, they become modest by its influence.

CICERO.

XV.

Tune some harmonious lay, whose sprightly notes
Flow in such happy descant as may speed
The lazy hours that now move slowly on
With dull and flagging pinions. "For sweet Music

"Has got a mag'c spell to aid their flight,
"And

"And make them skim through their diurnal
"round,

"Swift as the swallow circles."

MASON'S ELFRIDA.

XVI.

The various mixtures of harmonies, the preparation of discords, and their resolution into concords; the sweet succession of melodies, and several other circumstances beside these, do all tend to give that variety of expression, which elevates the soul into joy or courage, sinks it into tenderness or pity, fixes it in a rational serenity, or raises it to the raptures of devotion.

AVISON.

XVII.

— Hark!

Wak'd from according lyres, the sweet strains
flow

In symphony divine; from air to air

The trembling numbers fly: swift bursts
away

The flow of joy; now swells the flight of
praise;

Springs the thrill trump aloft; the toiling
chords

Melodious labour thro' the flying maze;

And the deep base his strong sounds rolls away
Majestically sweet.

LANGHORNE.

[*West. Mag.*]

A N E C D O T E S.

The SCOTS PEDLAR.

A Short time since, Sawney Frazer, a native of the northern part of this island, who, by vending of linen which he carried around the country on his back, had acquired a sum of one hundred pieces of gold, resolving to extend his business by the addition of other wares, set out for London, in order to purchase them to the best advantage.

When he had arrived within a few miles of the end of his journey, he was obliged to take shelter in a house of entertainment, which stood in a lonely part of the road, from a violent storm of wind and rain; where he had not been long, before he was joined by two horsemen of genteel appearance, who stopped on the same account.

As he was in possession of the fire-fide, they were under a necessity of joining company with him, in order to dry themselves, which otherwise the meanness of his appearance would probably have prevented their doing.

The new companions had not sat long together before the cheerfulness of his temper, and something uncommonly droll in his conversation, made the others invite him to sup with them at their expence, where they entertained him so generously, that, forgetting his national prudence, he could not forbear shewing his treasure, as a proof of his not being unworthy of the honour they had done him.

The storm having obliged them to remain there all night, they departed together next morning, when, as a further mark of their regard, they kept company with him, tho' he travelled on foot, till

they came into a solitary part of the road; when one of them, putting a pistol to his breast, took from him the bag which contained the earnings of his life, leaving him only a single piece of gold, which by good fortune he had happened to have loose in his pocket.

His distress at such a loss may be easily conceived. However, he sunk not under it. A thought instantly occurred to him how it might possibly be retrieved; which he lost not a moment to put in execution.

He had observed that the master of the house, where he had met these two plunderers, seemed to be perfectly acquainted with them. He returned therefore thither directly, and feigned to have been taken suddenly ill on the road with a disorder in his bowels; called for some wine, which he had heated, and rendered still stronger with spice; all the time he was drinking which, he did nothing but pray for his late companions, who he said had not only advised him to take it, but also been so generous as to give him a piece of gold, which he produced to pay for it; and then, seeming to be much relieved, he lamented most heavily his not knowing where to return thanks to his benefactors, which he said the violence of his pain had made him forget to enquire.

The master of the house, to whom his guests had not mentioned the man's having money, that he might not expect to share it with them, never suspecting the truth of his story, informed him, without scruple, who they were, and where they lived.

This was directly what he had schemed for. He crawled away till he was out of sight from the house, in order to keep up the

the deceit; when he made all the haste he could to town, and enquiring for his Spoilers, had the satisfaction to hear they were people in trade, and of good repute for their wealth. The next morning, therefore, as soon as he thought they were stirring, he went to the house of one of them, whom he found in the room where his merchandize was exposed to sale.—The merchant instantly knew him; but, imagining he came on some other business, (for he did not think it possible that he could have traced him, or even that he could know him in his altered appearance) asked him in the usual way, “what he wanted.”

“I want to speak a word wi’ ye in private, Sir,” he answered, getting between him and the door; and then, on the Merchant’s affecting surprize: “In gude troth, Sir, (he continued) I think it is somewhat strange that ye shud na ken Sawney, who supped with ye the neeght before the lault, after au the keendness ye shewed to him!” then, lowering his voice, so as not to be overheard by the people present, he told him, with a determined accent, that if he did not instantly return him his money, he would apply to a Magistrate for redress.

This was a demand which admitted not of dispute. The money was paid him, with a handsome gratuity for having lent it, and his receipt taken to that effect; after which he went directly to the other, upon whom he made a like demand, with equal success.

[Univ. Mag.]

A LETTER from a QUAKER, to the CLERGYMAN of the Parish, Respecting his PIGEONS building in and about the CHURCH.

LOVING friend, as I may call thee, though not of Light,—I give thee to wit, and by this my Epistle would have thee to understand, that I have some tribulation and trouble upon my spirit about my Pigeons, for they have got a haunt of going into the Steeple-house; which thing is utterly against my mind, and it grieveth me sorely to see it. For besides the rent thee dost expect, there are two evils in this thing. The first is the Amen-sayer, the priest’s mate, or man of the spade, that maketh such a noise in singing, that it terrifyeth Friends, who cannot hold with such carnal things, to hear the madness of the creature. This hireling of hirelings, and instrument of darkness, getteth my Pigeons, and useth them for the refreshment of the outward man. And I am

afraid the Man of Sin, the Priest himself, may have some share with him, which would be much against my will, if such thing should be.

Secondly, their going into that place giveth great uneasiness to me, because I cannot with the inward eye discern whether they have been in the Steeple-house or not; which did I know, verily I would in no wise eat them at all. Now the thing I would have thee to do, is, since thou hast a near friend among the persecuting men, to have some order for the Steeple-house men for the year, who will do as thou would’st have them, to make up the noise-holes of the Steeple-house, that neither Pigeons nor Starnels (both which I greatly love in a pyc, when undefiled) may enter in. And if thou be’st of a mind to say that these birds defile the Steeple-house, and make it nasty, thou must take that upon thyself; for verily I cannot say that the Pigeons defile the Steeple-house, but that the Steeple-house defileth them, and maketh them unfit for the food of thy

Friend in the Inward Light.

King JAMES I.

A short time after that wise Monarch came to the throne of England, he took it in his head one day to go and hear causes in Westminster-hall, in order to shew his great learning and wisdom.—Accordingly being seated on the bench, a cause came on, which the counsel, learned in the law, set forth to such advantage, on the part of the Plaintiff, that the sagacity of the Royal Judge soon saw the justice of it so clearly, that he frequently cried out, “I’se ken the matter unco weel! The gude mon is i’ the reeght! the gude mon is i’ the reeght! He mun ha’ it! he mun ha’ it!” The Plaintiff’s counsel having ended, James was for determining the cause immediately, and was much offended, after so plain a state of the matter, that the Judges of the Court should desire him to hear *both parties* before he passed judgment. At length, curiosity to know what could be said in such a case, rather than any respect to the rules of the Court, made him defer his decision; but the Defendant’s counsel had scarce begun to open their cause, when his sacred Majesty appeared greatly discomposed, and was so puzzled as they proceeded, that he had no patience to hear them out, but starting up in a passion, cried, “I’se hear na mair; ye’re au knaves aleeke! Ye gi’ each other the lee, and neither’s i’ the reeght.”

A LETTER from the Right Hon. the Earl of HERTFORD, Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household, to the LORD-MAYOR of London, transmitted the Day after the spirited Remonstrance of the Livery of London, on American Affairs, was presented to his Majesty; with the LORD-MAYOR's Answer.

Copy of a Letter from the Lord Chamberlain to the Lord Mayor of London.

MY LORD,

THE King has directed me to give notice, that for the future his Majesty will not receive on the Throne any Address, Remonstrance and Petition, but from the body corporate of the city.

I therefore acquaint your Lordship with it as chief magistrate of the city, and have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's

Most obedient humble servant,

Grosvenor-street, April 11. HERTFORD.

To the Right Hon. John Wilkes,
Lord-Mayor of the city of London.

THE LORD-MAYOR'S ANSWER.

MY LORD, *Manfion-house, May 2, 1775.*

IT is impossible for me to express, or conceal, the extreme astonishment and grief I felt at the notice your Lordship's letter gave me as chief magistrate of the city, "that for the future his Majesty will not receive on the throne any address, remonstrance and petition, but from the body corporate of the city."

I intreat your Lordship to lay me with all humility at the King's feet, and, as I have now the honour to be chief magistrate, in my name to supplicate his Majesty's justice and goodness in behalf of the Livery of London, that he would be graciously pleased to revoke an order, highly injurious to their rights and privileges, which in this instance have been constantly respected, and carefully preserved by all his royal predecessors. The livery of London, my Lord, have approved themselves the zealous friends of liberty and the protestant succession. They have steadily pursued only those measures, which are calculated to secure the free constitution of this country, and this your Lordship well knows has created them the hatred of all the partizans of the exiled and proscribed family. They form the great and powerful body of the corporation, in whom most important powers are vested, the election of the first magistrate, the sheriffs, the chamberlain, the auditors of the receipt and expenditure of their revenues, and of the four members, who represent in parliament the capital of this vast empire.—The full body corporate never assemble, nor could they legally act together as one great, aggregate body; for by the constitution of the city particular and distinct privileges are reserved to the various members of the corporation, to the freemen, to the liverymen, to the common council, to the court of aldermen. His Majesty's Solicitor General, Mr. Wedderburne, was consulted by the city in the year 1771, respecting the legality of

common halls and the remonstrances of the livery. In conjunction with Mr. Serjeant Glynn, Mr. Dunning, and Mr. Nugent, he gave an opinion, which I have the honour of transcribing from our records.

"We apprehend that the head officer of every corporation may convene the body, or any class of it, whenever he thinks proper—that the Lord-Mayor for the time being, may, of his own authority, legally call a common hall; and see *sic* no legal objection to his calling the two last—we conceive it to be the duty of the proper officers of the several companies, to whom precepts for the purpose of summoning their respective livers have been usually directed, to execute those precepts; and that a wilful refusal on their part is an offence punishable by disfranchisement."

The city, my Lord, have been careful that all their proceedings should be grounded in the true principles of law and the constitution. Notwithstanding it is the clear right of the subject to petition the King for the redress of grievances, a right, which so many thousands of our fellow-subjects, my Lord, have justly thought it their duty very frequently to exercise in the last ten years, yet the city from excess of caution took a great legal opinion in the case, and I find the following words entered in their journals by the express order of the common hall.

"The livery of London legally assembled in common hall, either on Midsummer, Michaelmas, or any other day, have an undoubted right to take into consideration any matter of public grievance they may think proper. *It is beyond dispute that the right is inherent in them.*" A jury have likewise declared this in a solemn verdict.

I have been thus particular, my Lord, on this subject from our records, because I differ in one point from the last opinion, which I quoted; for I know there is no right or privilege of this free people, or of mankind, but what has been *disputed*, and even *denied*, by pensioned pens and tongues in the service of the arbitrary ministers of arbitrary kings.

Your Lordship, I am sure, will now no longer suffer a doubt to remain in your mind as to the legality of common halls, or of their extensive powers, and therefore I presume to lay claim on behalf of the livery of London to the ancient privilege of presenting to the King on the throne any address, petition, or remonstrance. In this manner have the addresses of the livery constantly been received both by his present Majesty and all his royal predecessors, the Kings of England. On the most exact research I do not find a single

K k

instance

instance to the contrary. This immemorial usage in the opinion of the ablest lawyers gives an absolute right, and is as little subject to controversy as any fair or just prerogative of the crown. Other rights and privileges of the city have been invaded by despotic monarchs, by several of the accursed race of the Stuarts, but this in no period of our history. It has not even been brought into question till the present inauspicious æra. I have an entire confidence, my Lord, that a right left uninvaded by every tyrant of the Tarquin race, will be sacredly preserved under the government of our present Sovereign, because his Majesty is perfectly informed, that in consequence of their expulsion his family was chosen to protect and defend the rights of a free people, whom they endeavoured to enslave.

It cannot escape your Lordship's recollection, that at all times, when the privileges of the capital were attacked, very fatal consequences ensued. The invasion of the liberties of the nation we have generally seen preceded by attempts on the franchises of the first city in the kingdom, and the shock has spread from the centre to the most distant point of the circumference of this wide-extended empire. I hope his Majesty's goodness will revoke an order, which might perhaps in this light be considered as ominous to the people at large, no less than injurious to the citizens of this metropolis. Such a measure only could quiet the alarm which has already spread too far, and given gloomy apprehensions of futurity.

The privilege, my Lord, for which I contend, is of very great moment, and peculiarly striking. When his Majesty receives on the throne any address, it is read by the proper officer to the King in the presence of the petitioners. They have the satisfaction of knowing that their sovereign has heard their complaints. They receive an answer. If the same address is presented at a levee, or in any other mode, no answer is given. A suspicion may arise, that the address is never heard or read, because it is only received, and immediately delivered to the Lord in waiting. If he is tolerably versed in the supple, insinuating arts practised in the magic circle of a court, he will take care never to remind his Prince of any disa-

greeable and disgusting, however important and wholesome, truths. He will strangle in its birth the fair offspring of liberty, because its cries might awaken and alarm the parent, and thus the common father of all his people may remain equally ignorant and unhappy in his most weighty concerns.

Important truths, my Lord, were the foundation of the last humble address, remonstrance, and petition to the King, respecting our brave fellow-subjects in America. The greatness as well as goodness of the cause, and the horrors of an approaching civil war, justified our application to the throne. It comprehended every thing interesting to us as a free and commercial people, the first principles of our common liberty, and the immense advantages of the only trade we enjoy unrivalled by other nations. I greatly fear that your Lordship's letter immediately following his Majesty's unfavourable answer to the remonstrance, will be considered as a fresh mark of the King's anger against our unhappy brethren, as well as of his displeasure against the faithful Citizens of this capital. The Livery, possessing the purest intentions, the most noble and exalted views for the public good, will comfort themselves, with the appeal to that justice in the Sovereign's heart, which cannot fail of soon restoring them to the royal favour, but the Americans may be driven to despair, unless a merciful providence should graciously interpose, and change the obdurate hearts of those unjust and wicked ministers, who have been so long permitted by divine vengeance to be a scourge both to us and our brethren. The true friends of liberty, I am sure, will not be remiss in their duty. I doubt not, my Lord, from that love of your country, and zeal for his Majesty's glory, which have equally distinguished your Lordship, that the Livery of London will have your hearty concurrence with them, as well as your powerful intercession with the King for the revocation of the late order. Such a conduct will secure to your Lordship the esteem and affection of all good men, and add to the unfeigned respect, with which I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

JOHN WILKES,

The Right Hon. the Earl of Hertford, &c.

AS the unexpected Death of the late Queen of Denmark engages the attention of the public, the following extract from *Mr. Wraxhall's Tour to the Northern Parts of Europe*, may not be unacceptable to our readers, more especially as he seems to have been well informed of the circumstances relating to Count Struensee, and this beautiful innocent Princess. Her unhappy fate must, we are persuaded, draw forth the sympathetic tear from the eyes of those whose hearts are susceptible of the soft impressions of humanity. May our fair country-women receive this additional example of the frailty of human grandeur, and the dreadful consequences that attend even the very appearance of vice!

Copenhagen, Tuesday 3d of May, 1774.

I Promised in my last letter to give you some little account of the Court. I must, however, premise, that I have not had the ho-

nour of being presented to the Sovereign here, as is customary with strangers from the other kingdoms of Europe. It is sufficient

that I am an Englishman, not to with it; and, indeed, with so jealous an eye are we regarded at present in this capital, that I can assure you, because I have it from the most respectable and incontestible authority, that so little an individual as myself, so humble and unknown a traveller as I am, is not only publicly talked of, but even suspected as a spy, because I come from England, and have no avowed motive, except curiosity and knowledge. I have never, therefore, been at the levee, which is every Friday; but I go to the drawing-room, and mingle unnoticed among the crowd. I was there last night, when his Majesty, the Queen Dowager, and Prince Frederick the King's brother, were present. To give you a picture of the Court, as it now exists, I must carry you back to the time of the late celebrated and unhappy favourite Count Struensee. I have made it my endeavour, since my arrival here, to gain the most authentic and unprejudiced intelligence respecting him, and the late extraordinary revolution which expelled a Queen from her throne and kingdom, and brought the Minister to the scaffold. I shall only inform you of some few anecdotes which elucidate his character, and with which you may be unacquainted; though, as I never perused the printed account of his life and trial which appeared in England, you must excuse me if I repeat what you have seen there.

Struensee, as you know, had not any noble blood in his veins, or consequently any hereditary and prescriptive title to the immediate guidance of affairs of state. Fortune, and a train of peculiar circumstances, coinciding with his own talents and address, seem to have drawn him from his original mediocrity of condition, and placed him in an elevated rank. He originally practised physic at Altona on the Elb, and afterwards attended the present King of Denmark on his travels into England, in quality of Physician. On his return, he advanced by rapid strides in the royal favour, and seems to have eminently possessed the powers of pleasing, since he was equally the favourite of both the King and Queen. He was invested with the order of St. Matilda, instituted in honour of the Queen, created a Count, and possessed unlimited ministerial power: his conduct, in this sudden and uncommon eminence, marks a bold and daring mind; perhaps I might add, an expanded and patriotic heart. Unawed by the precarious tenor of courtly greatness, and more peculiarly of his own, he began a general reform. The state felt him through all her members: the finances, chancery, army, navy, nobles, peasants—all were sensible of his influence. He not only dictated, but penned, his replies to every important question or dispatch; and a petition, or a scheme of public import and utility, rarely waited two hours for an answer. At present, I am told, you may be two months without receiving any. The

civil judicature of this capital was then vested in thirty magistrates. Struensee sent a message to this tribunal, demanding to know the annual salary or pension annexed to each member. Rather alarmed at this enquiry, they sent an answer, in which they diminished their emoluments two-thirds, and estimated them at 1500, instead of 4000 rix-dollars.* The Count then informed them that his Majesty had no further occasion for their services, but, in his royal munificence and liberality, was graciously pleased to continue to them the third part of their avowed incomes, as a proof of his satisfaction with their conduct. He at the same time constituted another court, composed only of six persons of approved integrity, to whom the same power was delegated. He proceeded to purge the Chancery, and other bodies of the law. Then entering on the military department, he, at one stroke, broke all the horse guards, and afterwards the regiment of Norwegian foot guards, the finest corps in the service, and who were not disbanded without a short but very dangerous sedition. Still proceeding in this salutary, but most critical and perilous achievement, he ultimately began to attempt a diminution of the power of the nobles, and to set the farmers and peasants at perfect liberty. You must not, you will not wonder that he fell a victim to such measures, and that all parties joined in his destruction. These were his real crimes, and not that he was too acceptable to the Queen, which only formed a pretext. It was the minister, and not the man, who had become obnoxious. I do not pretend, in the latter capacity, either to excuse or condemn him; but, as a politician, I rank him with the Clarendons and the Mores, whom tyranny, or public baseness, and want of virtue, have brought in almost every age to an untimely and ignominious exit; but to whose memory impartial posterity have done ample justice. Yet I must avow, that tho' I cannot think Struensee made a bad use, yet he certainly made a violent and imprudent one, of his extensive power. He seems, if one may judge from his actions, to have been in some measure intoxicated with royal favour, and such accumulated honours, and not to have adverted sufficiently to the example which history furnishes of Wolfseys in former days, and of Choiseuls in modern times, who most strikingly evince the slippery foundation of political grandeur. When he was even pressed only a short time before his seizure, to withdraw from Court, and pass the Belts, with the most ample security for his annual remittance of forty, fifty, a hundred thousand dollars, an unhappy fascination detained him, in defiance of every warning, and reserved him for the prison and the block. The Queen Dowager and Prince Frederick were only the feeble instruments to produce this catastrophe, as being by

K k 2

their

* A piece, value about 4s. 6d. English.

their rank immediately about the person of the Sovereign; though common report has talked loudly of the former's intrigue, and attributed it to her imaginary abilities. The only mark of capacity or address they exhibited, was in preserving a secrecy, which deluded Struensee and the Queen Matilda till the time of their being arrested. I have been assured, that on the last levee-day preceding this event, the Count was habited with uncommon magnificence, and never received greater homage or court fervility from the croud, than when on the verge of ruin. On the night fixed for his seizure there was a *Bal Paré* in the Palace; the Queen, after dancing as usual one country dance with the King, gave her hand to Struensee during the rest of the evening. She retired about two in the morning, and was followed by him and Count Brandt.

The moment was now come. The Queen Dowager and her son Prince Frederick hastened to the King's private chamber, where he was already in bed. They kneeled down beside it, and implored him with tears and expostulations to save himself and Denmark from impending destruction, by arresting those whom they called the authors of it. It is said the King was not easily induced to sign the order, but did it with reluctance and hesitation. At length their entreaties prevailed, and he affixed his sign manual to the paper. Col. Knoller Banner instantly repaired to Struensee's apartment, which, as well as Brandt's, was in the palace; they were both seized nearly at the same instant, and, as all defence was vain, hurried away immediately to the citadel. When Count Struensee stepped out of the coach, he said with a smile to the Commandant, who received him into custody, "I believe you are not a little surprised at seeing me brought here a prisoner." "No, and please your Excellency," replied the old officer bluntly, "I am not at all surprised, but, on the contrary, have long expected you." It was five o'clock in the morning when the Count de Rantzau came to the door of her Majesty's anti-chamber, and knocked for admittance. One of the women about the Queen's person was ordered to wake her, and give her information that she was arrested. They then put her into one of the King's coaches, drove her down to Elsinor, and shut her up, as you know, in the castle of Cronenberg. Mean while, as they dreaded an insurrection in Copenhagen, every military precaution was taken to prevent it; the most infamous and silly reports were circulated among the populace to render the state prisoners odious: that they had put poison in the King's coffee to destroy him; that they intended to declare him incapable of governing; to send the Dowager Queen Juliana out of the kingdom, as well as her son Prince Frederick, and to proclaim Matilda regent. To confirm these extraordinary and contradictory reports, the

King himself and his brother appeared in a state coach, and paraded through the streets of the city to shew himself unhurt, and as if escaped from the most horrid conspiracy. Mean while Struensee and Brandt were detained in the most rigorous imprisonment. They loaded the former with very heavy chains about his arms and legs, and he was at the same time fixed to the wall by an iron bar. I have seen the room, and can assure you it is not above ten or twelve feet square, with a little bed in it, and a miserable iron stove. Yet here, in this abode of misery, did he, tho' chained, complete with a pencil an account of his life and conduct as a Minister, which is penned, as I have been assured, with uncommon genius. A tribunal was appointed for the trial of the Queen and the two Counts, and a council assigned for each, to preserve an appearance of justice and equity. You know the result and the winding up of the whole, on the 28th of April, 1772. I must, however, mention to you some few particulars relative to Count Brandt, as they are very remarkable, and equally true; nor do I apprehend you have ever heard them.

This unfortunate man rose chiefly under Struensee's auspices, though he was originally of an honourable descent. During a residence which the court made at one of the royal palaces, that of Herseholm, it happened that his Majesty quarrelled with Brandt, and, which was singular enough, challenged him. This the Count, you may imagine, declined. When they met soon after, the King repeated his defiance, called him coward; and Brandt still behaving with temper, as became a subject, he thrust his hand into his mouth, seized his tongue, and had very nearly choked him. In this situation can it be wondered at, that he should bite the King's finger, or strike him, or both? Self-preservation must necessarily supersede every other feeling at such a moment, and plead his pardon. By Struensee's mediation the quarrel was immediately made up, and the King promised never more to remember or resent the circumstance of his striking him. Yet was this blow, given to preserve himself from imminent destruction, and from the fury of an enraged man, made the pretence for his condemnation. They said, he had lifted his hand against the King's sacred person, which was death by the laws of Denmark. His Lawyer, I am told, made an excellent defence for him, and very forcibly remarked the essential difference between assaulting the Sovereign, and only defending himself from a private attack. "One of our former Monarchs, said he, (Christian the Fifth) was used frequently to unbend himself among his Nobles: On these occasions it was his custom to say, 'The King is not at home.' All the Courtiers then behaved with the utmost freedom and familiarity, unrestrained by the royal presence. When

'When he chose to resume his kingly dignity, he said, "The King is again at home." But what, added he, must we do now, when the King is never at home?'—This seems more like the speech of an Englishman than a Dane, and breathes a manly and unfettered spirit.

The skulls and bones of these unhappy men are yet exposed on wheels about a mile and a half out of town: I have viewed them with mingled commiseration and horror:—They hold up an awful and affecting lesson for future statesmen.

I have been assured, that Struensee resigned himself to his own sentence without murmuring, or attempting to deprecate the blow; but that he expressed the utmost pity and abhorrence at the flagrant injustice committed in sentencing Count Brandt to the same death. They have portraits of Struensee in all the shops, with this motto round them: *Mala multa Struensi-se ipsam perdidit*. You see it is a miserable sort of pun upon his name. Yet, in the defiance of all the calamities of a triumphant party, the terrors of a despotic government, and the natural reserve among the people, there are even here who dare to speak, though ambiguously, their genuine sentiments. 'Sir,' said a man of sense and honour to me a few days since, 'between ourselves, all is not as it should be; we have at present neither King nor Minister; and imbecility, mingled with disorder, characterises our government; the effects are too visible; the blue and white ribbons are prostituted and contemptible. The finan-

ces are in a worse state than when Struensee found them; the army devour us. In Norway, affairs are yet worse: the King is unpopular there, and so little is his authority respected, that the Norwegians have refused, and still refuse, to pay the capitulation tax, nor can it be levied among them.' I have not amplified or exaggerated in this picture, which I really believe is too just in most of the particulars. The King has certainly suffered much in his intellectual capacity, and they make very little scruple in general to own it. He can play, indeed, at cards; he can dance, or go to an opera; but he is doubtless in a state of debility, which disqualifies him for the conducting or superintending affairs of national import and public consequence; these are left to the Ministers, who tread very cautiously, and will not presently prosecute Struensee's patriotic measures. His fall is too recent, nor have his bones yet returned to their parent earth. There is a vacuity in his aspect, which is strongly marked; and he is much paler and thinner than when you remember him on his tour in England. The Queen Dowager and Prince Frederick live in the palace with him, and accompany him, like his shadow, wherever he moves. The Prince has received no other mark of bounty from nature or fortune, than royal birth. He is very much deformed, and this personal imperfection has gained him the appellation of Richard the III. among those who do not love the Court, though it doubtless originated among the English.

The LITERARY REVIEW.

Nugæ Antiquæ: being a Miscellaneous Collection of Original Papers in prose and verse. Written in the reigns of Henry VIII. Queen Mary, Elizabeth, King James, &c. By Sir John Harrington, the Translator of Aristotle, and others who lived in those times. Selected from authentic remains, by Henry Harrington, jun. A. B. of Queen's College, Oxon. Vol. II. 8vo. 3s. sewed. Robinson, London, and Frederick, Bath.

THE first volume of this miscellany (as well as the present) contain several papers worthy of being rescued from oblivion; and others which might have been suffered to moulder in their native obscurity, without an impeachment of the author's good judgment.

The first paper in the book is a treatise on plays, by Sir John Harrington, which contains several sensible observations. The titles of the subsequent papers are as follows: A Discourse, shewing that Elysas must personally come before the Day of Judgment. Psalms, translated by the Countess of Pembroke. The Manner of Gifts by the

Kings of England unto their eldest sonnes. Order of Council to the Lord-mayor of London.

We next meet with a letter from Sir R. Cecil, to Sir John Harrington, in 1603, with Household Rules and Ordinances for servants. As this paper serves to give an idea of the domestic economy of the age, we shall insert it entire.

"My Noble Knight,

"My thanks come wth your papers and wholesome statutes for your fathers household. I shall, as far as in me lieth, patterne the same, and geue good heed for due obseruance thereof in my own state. Your father did much affect such prudence; nor dothe his sonne lesse followe his faire sample, of worthe learninge and honor. I shall not faile to keep your grace and favor quick and lively in the kinges breast, as far as good discretiō guideth me, so as not to hazard my own reputation for humble suing, rather than bold and forward entreaties. You know all my former steppes; good knight, rest contente,

contente, and give heed to one that hath forrowde in the bright lustre of a courte, and gone heavily even on the best seeming faire ground. 'Tis a great talke to prove ones honestye, and yet not spoil ones fortune. You have tasted a little hereof in our blessed queenes tyme, who was more than a man, and, in troth, sometyme les than a woman. I wishe I waited now in your preface-chamber, with ease at my foode, and reffe in my bedde; I am pulsed from the shore of comforte, and know not where the wyndes and waves of a court will bear me; I know it bringeth little comforte on earth; and he is, I reckon, no wife man that looketh this waye to heaven; we have much stirre aboute counceils, and more aboute honors. Many knyghts were made at Theobalds, duringe the kynges staye at myne houle, and more to be made in the cite. My father had muche wisdom in directing the state; and I wythe I could bear my parte so discretely as he did. Farewel, good knyght; but never come neare London till I call you. Too much crowdinge doth not well for a cripple, and the kyngs dothe finde scant room to fit himself, he hath so many friends as they chuse to be called, and heaven prove they lye not in the end. In trouble, hurrying, feigning, suing, and such-like matters, I nowe reffe

Your true friende,

29 May 1603. R. CECIL.

"Orders for Household Servantes; first devised by John Haryngton, in the yeare 1566, and renewed by John Haryngton, sonne of the faide John, in the yeare 1592; the faide John, the sonne, being then High Shrieve of the county of Somerset.

"Imprimis, That no servant bee absent from praier, at morning or evening, without a lawfull excuse, to be alledged within one day after, vpon paine to forfeit for every tyme 2d.

"II. Item, That none sweare any othe, vpon pain for every othe 1d.

"III. Item, That no man leaue any doore open that he findeth shut, without there bee cause, vpon paine for every tyme 1d.

"IV. Item, That none of the men be in bed, from our Lady-day to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed after 10 of the clock at night; nor from Michaelmas till our Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning, nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on paine of 2d.

"V. Item, That no mans bed bee vnmade, nor fire or candle-box vncleane, after 8 of the clock in the morning, on paine of 1d.

"VI. Item, That no man make water within either of the courts, vpon paine of, every tyme it shal be proued, 1d.

"VII. Item, That no man teach any of the children any vn honest speche, or bawdy word, or othe, on paine of 4d.

"VIII. Item, That no man waite at the

table without a trencher in his hand, except it be vpon some good cause, on paine of 1d.

"IX. Item, That no man appointed to waite at my table be absent that meale, without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d.

"X. Item, If any man breake a glassee, hee shall aunswer the price thereof out of his wages; and, if it bee not known who breake it, the buttler shall pay for it, on paine of 12d.

"XI. Item, The table must bee covered halfe an houer before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, or before, on paine of 2d.

"XII. Item, That meate bee readie at 12 or before at dinner, and 6 or before at supper, on paine of 6d.

"XIII. Item, That none be absent, without leaue, or good cause, the whole day, or more part of it, on paine of 4d.

"XIV. Item, That no man strike his fellow, on paine of losse of service; nor reuile or threaten, or prouoke an other to strike, on paine of 12d.

"XV. Item, That no man come to the kitchen without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d, and the cook likewise to forfeit 1d.

"XVI. Item, That none toy with the maids, on paine of 4d.

"XVII. Item, That no man weare foule shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose, or shoes, or dublett without buttons, on paine of 1d.

"XVIII. Item, That when any stranger goeth hence, the chamber be dreft vp againe within 4 hours after, on paine of 1d.

"XIX. Item, That the hall bee made cleane every day, by eight in the winter, and seauen in the sommer, on paine of him that should do it to forfeit 1d.

"XX. That the cowrt-gate be shutt each meale, and not opened during dinner and supper, without just cause, on paine the porter to forfeit for every time, 1d.

"XXI. Item, That all stays in the houle, and other rooms that neede shall require, bee made cleane on Fryday after dinner, on paine of forfeiture of euery on whome it shall belong vnto, 3d.

"All which sommes shal be duly payde each quarter-day out of their wages, and bestowed on the poore, or other goodly vse."

The articles next in order are, Parliament Matters in 1623 and Times ensuing. The Duke of Buckingham's Speech to his Majesty, at the Counsell-Table. His Majesty's Answer to the Petition concerning Religion. Sir Francis Seymour's Speech in the House of Commons, March 22, 1627. Sir Thomas Wentworth's Speech the same day. Letter to Lord Thomas Howarde, from J. H. Sir John Haryngton to Sir Amias Pawlet. Copy of a Letter from Sir John Haryngton to Prince Henry, son to King James I. concerning his Dogge.

"Now, says the honest knight in this letter, let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobits be led by that dogge whose name doth not appear; yet could I say such things of

of my Bungey, for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to say no more than I have said of his bearing letters from London and Greenwicke, more than an hundred miles."

Next follows the life of John, Lord Harrington, Baron of Exton, 1612; and a great variety of entertaining pieces in prose and verse, for the particulars of which we beg leave to refer our readers to the work itself.—*Critical Review.*

The Country Justice; a poem. By one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Somerset. Part II. 4to. 1s. 6d. Becket.

THE same spirit of poetry and humanity breathes through this Second Part that animated the First. The Author has taken for the text of this part, "*The Protection of the Poor*," and has spoke more home to the feeling heart and rational mind than all the popular preachers of all the tabernacles and methodist chapels in town. He has also indulged a laudable vein of satire on the evils arising from a deserted country and overgrown metropolis. We are unwilling to rifle this poetical garden with a spoiler's hand, yet we cannot resist the temptation of gracing our page with the following extract, which we hope will not be deemed too large a trespass on the Author's property:

O days long lost to man in each degree!
The golden days of Hospitality!
When liberal fortunes vied with liberal strife
To fill the noblest offices of life;
When *Wealth* was *Virtue's* handmaid, and
her gate
Gave a free refuge from the wrongs of Fate;
The poor at hand their natural patrons saw,
And law-givers were supplements of law!
Lost are those days, and *Fashion's* bound-
less sway
Has borne the Guardian Magistrate away.
Save in *Augusta's* streets, on *Gallia's* shore,
The rural patron is beheld no more.
No more the poor his kind protection share,
Unknown their wants, and unreciv'd their prayer.

Yet has that *Fashion*, long so light and vain,
Reform'd at last, and led the moral train?
Have her gay vot'ries nobler worth to boast
For *Nature's* love, for *Nature's* virtue lost?
No— fled from these, the sons of fortune find
What poor respect to *Wealth* remains behind.
The mock regard alone of menial slaves,
The worship'd calves of their outwitting
knaves!

Foregone the social, hospitable days,
When wide vales echoed with their owner's
praise,
Of all that ancient consequence bereft,
What has the modern *Man of Fashion* left?

Does he, perchance, to rural scenes repair,
And 'waite his sweetest' on the cresset's air?

Ah! gently lave the feeble frame he brings,
Ye scouring seas! and ye sulphureous springs!

And thou, Brighthelmston, where no cits
annoy,

(All borne to *Margate* in the *Margate* Hoy)
Where, if the hasty creditor advance,
Lies the light skiff, and ever-bailing France,
Do thou defend him in the dog-day suns!
Secure in winter from the rage of duns!

While the grim catchpole, the grim porter
swear,

One that he is, and one, he is not there,
The tortur'd Us'rer, as he murmurs by,
Eyes the Venetian blinds, and heaves a sigh.

O, from each title Folly ever took,
Blood! Maccaroni! Cicisbeo! or Rook!
From each low passion, from each low resort,
The thieving alley, nay, the righteous court,
From *Bertie's*, *Aimack's*, *Arthur's*, and the nest
Where *Judah's* ferrets earth with *Charles* un-
blest!

From these, and all the garbage of the great,
At Honour's, Freedom's, Virtue's call—
retreat!

This second part is introduced by a poetical dedication, not only distinguished by rich imagery and flowing versification, but written in a strain of morality that might serve to put to shame many addresses in adulatory prose.—*Monthly Rev.*

A Liturgy on the principles of the Christian Religion. 2s. Kearsly.

TO give our Readers an idea of the mode of composition which prevails in this Liturgy, where the prayers are not borrowed from others, we have selected from the evening service the following *general thanksgiving*:

"Almighty and everlasting God, whose glorious name is exalted above all blessing and praise, who *standest not in need of any homage that men or angels can pay unto thee*: mercifully regard the humble praises we now offer; though we cannot find out the Almighty unto perfection, or show forth all thy glory. And grant, that hereby we may be better disposed to conform ourselves to thy likeness in all the *moral excellencies* of thy nature, and yield a cheerful reverence and submission to thy sovereign will in all things. Preserve our minds a constant sense of thy perfections, of thy dominion *over*, and grace *unto us*; that we may be engaged to forsake, with humble penitence, all our past sins, and to live in the unwearied practice of *universal goodness*; that we may glorify thee in the best manner we are capable of in this world; and be fitted *for*, and *in the end*, be admitted into a more perfect life of duty and appinefs with thee in heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The services for the Lord's Supper, baptism, &c. may be of some use to those who do not perform these offices according to the established ritual. The collection of Psalms

is almost entirely copied from that which is annexed to the Liverpool liturgy.

Perhaps, after all the attempts which have been made in this way, a liturgy formed on truly liberal principles, and executed in the style and manner most proper for public acts of devotion, is still to be reckoned among the *desiderata* in religion. There is so much difficulty in this species of composition, that it requires no common share of ability and taste to execute it with success. The ideas ought to be philosophically just, yet not raised above the easy comprehension of the multitude, nor far removed from their usual manner of thinking. The method should be clear and distinct; and might, perhaps with advantage, be considerably varied from that which is at present generally adopted. The language should be plain and simple, that it may not become tiresome by repetition; free from all scholastic words and phrases, that it may be easily understood; and neither debased by vulgarisms, nor decked out with antithesis and conceit: at the same time, it should be raised above the familiar style, by a certain disposition of words and structure of periods, which shall give harmony and dignity to the whole. Of this kind of writing, the liturgy of the church of England is doubtless the best model. By a careful imitation of this model, with the aid of just principles, and a correct taste, it would perhaps be possible to frame a liturgy much more worthy of the public notice, than any which has hitherto appeared.—*Monthly Rev.*

The Speech of Lord Lyttleton, on a Motion made in the House of Lords for a Repeal of the Canada Bill, May 17, 1775. 4to. 3s. Ridley.

We have here a sample of senatorial oratory, spirited, pointed, and concise. It is not for us to decide on the justice and propriety of the arguments advanced by the noble speaker, but to exhibit such a specimen as may induce our readers to peruse the whole, and judge for themselves. The clamour, that has been raised by the opposition against the Quebec bill or Canada act, has been so very general, and the state of *popery* and *slavery*, into which the inhabitants of that colony are said to be reduced by it, has been so industriously aggravated, and represented to the public, that it was no wonder a repeal of it was moved in parliament by the patriots in the minority. It was in the debate on this occasion that Lord Lyttleton distinguished himself, in a manner by no means unworthy of his promising abilities. His exordium, as it should be, is without affectation, pertinent, and proper.

"At the conclusion of this long and laborious session of parliament, when the unhappy divisions subsisting between England and America seemed, by the joint wisdom of both houses, to converge towards conciliation, I am greatly surprised that the noble

and learned Lord should come forth again to scatter abroad the seeds of dissention, and, not content with that resistance to the legislature, and to the law of England, which prevails over all British America, should now endeavour to involve the Canadians in the common revolt; establishing as a leading principle, by which your Lordships may be induced to repeal this bill; that those for whose emolument it was made are the most dissatisfied with it—that they groan under the pressure, and consider it as a most intolerable grievance—PAINTING their dislike to it with the strongest colours of rhetoric, and, by these groundless insinuations, wishing to deprive them of all those beneficial advantages, they most gratefully acknowledge to have received, by the equitable system of jurisprudence obtained from the parliament of England.

"My Lords, however bright may be the eloquence, and however dark the purpose, of that noble and learned Lord, I trust he will fail in his attempt; and though strong was the arm that directed this shaft against the vitals of the constitution, though the point was envenomed, and though it was aimed at a mortal part, I trust, my Lords, it will fall blunted to the ground, without endangering the safety of the commonwealth, or affecting the true interest of the kingdom."

His Lordship needed no great foresight to prove a true prophet in this particular. The attempt has failed, though apparently fostered by some of the first and most respectable personages in the kingdom. Whether they were all equally in earnest, or had any such dark purpose, in seconding such attempt, as is here imputed to the learned law Lord who first moved it, is a matter to be questioned; at least as much so as the sincerity with which the noble author of the present speech opposed it. His Lordship's general sense of the bill is given in a very few words.

"The noble Lord has told your Lordships, that the bill which passed last session for establishing a government in Canada, was a bill 'abhorrent to the British constitution, and that it ought to be repealed by the unanimous voice of this house.'—I shall first put his Lordship in mind, that this bill was not made for the meridian of England; that it was framed for the conquered subjects of France, consonant to the faith of treatise, and to the stipulations agreed upon by the conqueror, which was part of the solemn pact, between Great Britain and France, covenanted for, and ratified by, both nations at the conclusion of the war: and then, my Lords, I will go a step further; I will meet the noble Lord on his own ground; and I will uphold to his Lordship, that the general principles and policy of this Canada bill were founded in wisdom—that the principles of it, which his Lordship affirms to be repugnant to Christianity, emanated from the gospel, and are coeval with the religion of our Saviour—that they

they breathe forth the spirit of their divine Master; for they are neither principles of popery or servitude—they are principles, my Lords, of toleration, unrestrained by prejudice, and unfettered by absurd and odious restrictions. The inhabitants of Canada were catholics before they were conquered by England; they are catholics now, but under the jurisdiction of a protestant parliament, and under the cognisance of protestant bishops, who form a part of that parliament, and who, I believe, were unanimous in allowing them the free exercise of their religion. In regard to the policy of the bill, I cannot but think it to be indisputably excellent, because it tends, by the beneficence of its aspect, to remove those rooted prejudices, which are carefully instilled into the minds of all the subjects of France, against the laws and the constitution of England."

Having thus given his of the nature and tendency of the act, his Lordship adduces but a few arguments in support of his opinion; turning the whole battery of his rhetoric against the mover* for its repeal; whom he charges with being actuated merely from motives of perplexing and distressing administration; and having advanced sentiments less becoming himself than a factious burgher of Geneva.

"But, continues his Lordship, we have seen enough of republican government—enough of that leveling principle, which pulls down every thing and sets up nothing—of that furious ungovernable spirit, which rises against all order and subordination, which militates against all power which it cannot invade, and would destroy all government which it does not possess. My Lords, the constitution of England abhors all despotism: It equally abhors the despotism of one man, and the tyranny of the uncounted multitude! The medium between both is what it delights in:—It delights in freedom, guarded and governed by law under the controul and protection of the three powers of the state, king, lords, and commons, in parliament assembled.—But this happy and most envied state, with which God has blessed us, does not flatter the ambitious purposes of the noble and learned Lord: He has therefore employed all his talents, and all his learning, to conjure up a noxious spirit, both in England and America; a spirit which assumes the fair form of liberty, that it may more surely destroy legal and constitutional freedom.—This spirit, which has possessed and animated all his Lordship's speeches, has told the Americans, that they were *betrayed* into slavery; it has told them to resist, because resistance was legal when liberty was oppressed;—it has told them, that the case of ship-money, which began the civil strife in England in Charles the First's time, and which ended in the extinction of tyranny by the death of the tyrant, was a trifle light as

* Lord Camden.

MISCELL. VOL. III. L 1

air to the afflictive despotism under the lash of which the Americans groaned;—it has told them, that their ALL was at stake, their *lives* and their *properties*.—This was the language held forth within these walls, and from these walls re-echoed to America.—It was *here*, my Lords, *here* that these opinions were broached: And can you wonder at the effect they have produced? Can you wonder that, urged on by men of such exceeding weight, the colonists should have taken the alarm; or that it should have spread, like a pestiferous disease, from the mountains of New-York down to the gulph of Mexico? To whom then are you to ascribe these disorders? At whose door then are these calamities to be laid, which have shaken the peace of the Kingdom? To the misled, to the intemperate Americans? or to the perfidious counsellors, whose atrocious policy has involved them and us in common destruction? Is it credible, my Lords, that so long as the great interpreters of the law in this house, men of superior talents, and deeply versed in the science of the constitution, proclaim aloud that their fellow-subjects on the other side of the Atlantic are cramped and fettered in slavery—is it credible that they should submit to any government, or ever think themselves in a state of freedom?"

"And yet, says the noble speaker, the learned Lord, in whom the spirit of opposition shines bright, has summoned your Lordships to come down this day, at the close of the sessions, to hear him harangue upon the laws of nations, and upon the various degrees and modifications of freedom: And, whilst his Lordship is thundering forth invectives against the administration; whilst he is cavilling at all they have already done, and at all they intend to do; while, in consequence of these domestic jars, your legions have been sent across the Atlantic, to shake their banners in fields of peace, and to compel those intemperate men to obedience, who would have been better and more effectually bound by the energy of acts of parliament; the enemy, the common enemy, has prepared a force superior to any you have to oppose her.—Spain, my Lords, Spain, panting for war, and eager for revenge, Spain has at this time a force sufficient to possess herself of Gibraltar; to take in, without a blow, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and all the Leeward Islands—a force sufficient to rend Ireland from the imperial crown of these kingdoms, and sufficient, if the dust tempt the adventure, to plant her standard upon English ground; to invade even Great-Britain, guarded as she is by the ocean, and hitherto unassailable by foreign arms."

As the King's Ministers, however, have since declared that our fears from Spain are groundless, we hope their pretended military preparations will have no worse effect than that of affording room for raising a few rhetorical flowers, to grace his Lordship's elocution.—*London Rev.*

Travels through Portugal and Spain, in 1772 and 1773. By Richard Twiss, Esq; F. R. S. With Copper-plates; and an Appendix. 4to. 2l. 11s. 6d. in boards. Robinson.

THE author of these Travels appears to be one of the few gentlemen of fortune who, scorning the frivolous dissipation of the age, prefer the visiting foreign countries to the unmanly amusements which at present so greatly prevail within the circle of fashionable life. We find, that before his excursion to Spain and Portugal, he has not only surveyed the different parts of Great-Britain, which is a journey too seldom performed by the youth of our country, but has also traversed a greater extent of the Continent than is usually visited on the *grand tour*.

For finishing a polite education, or for gratifying curiosity with the monuments of ancient genius and magnificence, Spain and Portugal are undoubtedly less attractive to a traveller than the more polished countries of Europe; but it is certain that knowledge may be improved in some degree, by viewing the manners of the rudest, as well as by an intercourse with the most civilized nations. Human nature is universally the same in all; and where we cannot collect any valuable acquisition to the arts or sciences, we may at least behold the inconveniences that arise from the deficiency of them. The world was but little advanced in civilization when Ulysses attained to great wisdom by visiting various cities and people of different nations, that he is celebrated as the great example of political knowledge and sagacity.

Mr. Twiss embarked on board one of the packets at Falmouth, on the 12th of November, 1772, and on the 17th landed at Lisbon. This city, he informs us, continues nearly in the same ruinous state to which it was reduced by the earthquake in 1755. Like Rome, it is built on seven hills, and the streets are very badly paved with sharp stones; nor are they lighted at night. The houses are generally two stories high, sometimes three, without any other chimney than that of the kitchen. Some of our readers, perhaps, will be surprised to know, that there is no newspaper or gazette in the Portuguese language, being prohibited in 1763.

Mr. Twiss informs us, that he went to the palace of Bellem, to hear the Italian opera of Ezo performed. To this entertainment no ladies are ever admitted, nor are there any adresses. Instead of women, the female characters are personated by eunuchs, who are dressed in the habit of the sex they represent. This uncommon exhibition, we are told, is caused by the jealousy of the Queen.

In the account of one of the excursions which our author made from Lisbon, he describes the dance called sandango, the motions in which are very indecent.—The chief order of knighthood in Portugal is called *The Order of Christ*, and was instituted in 1283.

This order, which is given to any person who is not a heretic, is so common, that Mr. Twiss observes, it is almost a disgrace to accept of it, though worn by the King himself. He has been a valet de chambre, the keeper of a billiard table, and a musician, decorated with its insignia. In Portugal, nobility is not hereditary, but conferred in the same manner as knighthood is in England.

The ladies here ride on *burros*, or jacks, with a pack-saddle; a servant attends with a sharp stick, which he uses in place of a whip; and for retarding the beast when it goes too fast, the expedient is to pull it by the tail. We shall present our readers with the following account of the dress, and some of the customs of the Portuguese.

“The dress of the men, among the common people, is a large cloak and slouched hat; under the cloak they commonly wear a dagger, though that treacherous weapon is prohibited: the blades of some of these will strike through a crown piece. The women wear no caps, but tie a kind of net-work silk purse over their hair, with a long tassel behind, and a ribbon tied in a bow-knot over their forehead. This head dress they call *redicilla*, and it is worn indiscriminately by both sexes. The London caricatures of Macaroni hair-clubs are not at all exaggerated when applied to the Portuguese. The gentry dress entirely in the French fashion.

“The ladies wear very large and heavy pendants in their ears: the sleeves of their gowns are wide enough to admit their waist, which, however, seldom exceeds a span in diameter.”

“Towards the latter end of January I had determined to set out for Oporto, but I deferred my journey a few days, in order to be present at a singular execution, which was that of a man to be burnt alive. He was condemned for stealing the plate and vestments out of a church, and afterwards firing it, to conceal the theft. He had been a year in prison, and was dragged from thence to the church he had burnt, tied by the legs to the tails of two horses; but the friars of the *Misericordia* had placed him on an ox's hide, so that he did not suffer much. Before the church was fixed a stake with a seat, on a scaffold elevated about six feet, under which faggots, torches, pitch-barrels, & other combustible materials were placed. The scaffold was environed by a regiment of cavalry, behind which stood most of the monks of Lisbon, who had joined in the procession. He was fastened to the stake at half an hour past five, and fire was immediately put underneath the scaffold. In five-and-twenty minutes all was reduced to ashes. The rope which tied his neck to the stake was soon burnt, and then his body fell into the fire. He was probably stifled with the smoke before the flames reached him: the fire afterwards penetrated between his ribs, which were shortly consumed. This spectacle was

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very tremendous and awful. It was dark before the fire was put to the scaffold."

About four leagues from Lisbon stands the convent of Odivelas, where, it is said, 300 beautiful nuns formed a seraglio for the late king; and where each of the ladies had one or more lovers among the men of quality.

From the city of Oporto, we are told, that twenty thousand pipes of wine are yearly exported; sixty thousand, which is computed to be the remainder of the produce, being consumed in the country.

On quitting Portugal, our traveller arrived at Almeida, in Spain, towards the end of February, 1773; and soon after he proceeded to Salamanca, of which he gives a particular description. He next describes the famous aqueduct of Segovia, the royal palaces of St. Ildefonso, the Escorial, and the new palace of Madrid, with an account of the pictures, paintings, &c.

After leaving Madrid Mr. Twiss proceeded to Toledo, an ancient city built on a very steep hill, and nearly environed by the Tagus. We are told that the number of inhabitants, at present, hardly amounts to twenty-five thousand. The cathedral of this city is represented to be one of the largest Gothic buildings in Europe, and is honoured with the distinction of always having the Pope and the King of Spain as its canons.

Mr. Twiss informs us, that in every large city in Spain there is a foundling hospital, into which all children are readily admitted; not only such as are illegitimate, but likewise those belonging to the lower class of tradesmen, who have larger families than they can support. When the parents chuse to claim the child, they may have it again on describing it. The author afterwards leads us to Cartagena, Granada, Alhambra, &c. all of which he minutely describes, and also the roads between them. We shall present our readers with Mr. Twiss's account of a bull-fight, as that which he saw differed from the spectacles described by our modern travellers under the same title.

"Every thing being ready, the bulls remained to be driven across the area from the stables where they were, to a smaller stable behind the amphitheatre, where each was to be kept apart. The first stable was not far from the amphitheatre, and a wall of boards six feet high was put up the whole way the bulls were to pass. At a quarter past four the ten bulls were let into the area, in order to be put into the stables at the opposite door: a man on foot led a tame ox, which had been bred with the bulls, before, to decoy them into these: they followed the ox very quietly; but they do not always do so. The three horsemen placed themselves at some distance, one on each side of, and the other opposite to the door at which the bull was to enter: a trumpet was then sounded as a signal to let a bull in, and the man who opened the door got behind it immediately.

"During this last quarter of an hour the bulls had been teased by pricking them in the backs: this is done by persons placed on the ceiling of the stables, which was low, and consisted only of a plank laid here and there, and between those planks was space enough to use any instrument for that purpose. The bulls were distinguished by a small knot of ribbon fixed to their shoulders, the different colours of which shew where they were bred, which is known by the advertisements.

"The bull made at the first horseman, who received it on the point of the spear, held in the middle tight to his side, and passing under his arm pit, which making a wide gash in the bull's shoulder, occasioned it to draw back, the blood running in torrents: the force with which the bull ran at the man was so great, that the shock had nearly overfet him and his horse. It was then another man's turn to wound the bull, as only one is to cope with it at a time. They are never allowed to attack the bull, but must wait the animal's approach. The bull trotted into the middle of the area, and stared about, frightened by the clapping and hallooing of the multitude. The man on horseback always facing the beast, and turning when it turned: it then ran at the horse, and got another wound in the breast, and a third from the next horseman it attacked. It was now become mad with pain, the blood issuing from its mouth in streams, and faintness made it stagger; its eyes "flashed fury," it pawed up the ground, and lashed its sides with its tail; its breath was impetuously discharged like smoke from its nostrils, so that its head appeared as if in a mist. A trumpet then sounded, which was a signal for the horsemen to retire; and the men on foot began their attack, sticking barbed darts into every part of its body; the torture they inflicted made the bull leap from the ground, and run furiously at one of the men, who jumped aside; the bull then turned to another man, who had just stuck a dart into his back: the man took to his heels, and leaped over the rails, where he was safe: in this manner all the men continued tormenting the bull, who could hardly stand through loss of blood. The trumpet then sounded again, upon which the matador appeared, with a cloak extended on a short stick in his left hand, and in his right a two-edged sword, the blade of which was flat, 4 inches broad, and a yard long; he stood still, and at the moment the bull in the agonies of despair and death, made at him, he plunged the sword into the spine behind the beast's horns, which instantly made it drop down dead. If the matador misses his aim, and cannot defend himself with the cloak, he loses his life, as the bull exerts all its remaining strength with an almost inconceivable fury. The dead bull was immediately dragged out of the area by three horses on a full gallop,

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whose traces were fastened to its horns. A quarter of an hour was elapsed, which is the time allowed for the murder of each bull, five minutes to the horsemen, five to the footmen, and five to the slayer.

"Another bull was then let in: this was the wildest and most furious of any I ever saw. The horseman missed his aim, and the bull thrust his horns into the horse's belly, making the bowels hang out: the horse became ungovernable, so that the man was obliged to dismount and abandon it to the bull, who pursued it round the area, till the horse fell and expired. Four other horses were successively killed by this bull, which till then, had only received slight wounds, tho' one of the horses had kicked its jaw to pieces. One of the horsemen broke his spear in the bull's neck, and horse and rider fell to the ground; the rider broke his leg, and was carried off. The footmen then fell to work again, and afterwards the matador put an end to the life of this valiant animal, whose strength and courage were unavailing to save it. The third bull killed two horses, goring them under the belly, so that the intestines hung trailing on the ground. The seventh bull likewise killed two horses. In this manner were ten bulls massacred, and the whole concluded in two hours and a half. The bulls flesh was immediately sold to the populace at ten quartos per pound, which is about three pence.

"When the last bull had been sufficiently wounded by the horsemen, the mob were allowed to enter the area; they attacked the bull on all sides, and killed it with their knives and daggers. The bull sometimes tosses some of these fellows over its head."

Through the whole of this excursion Mr. Twiss evidently appears to have been extremely attentive in his observations, which he has likewise related with great minuteness.—*Crit. Rev.*

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FLOWERS

FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.
OMNIPOTENCE.

— *Deum namque ire per omnes,
Terrasque, tractusque Maris, Cælumque pro-
fundum.* VIRG. Georg. 4.

G_O, daring soul! go mount the blest a-
bode! [God:
And climb the heav'ns, and trace a ruling
Boldly assert the mighty Maker's cause!
Bid Atheists tremble from unerring laws:
With eager eyes go Nature's paths explore!
And let the Sceptic vainly vaunt no more:
Shew whence this beauteous shell,—and
whence began

Th' enliv'ning soul, the origin of man:
Shew from what source the wand'ring pla-
nets stray,
Pleas'd to revere the Potentate of Day;
In ambient gyres they tread th' expansive
round,

And distant regions hear the heav'nly sound:
Whence solid matter to existence came,
Then, embryo like, assum'd this pleasing
frame [light;
Thousands of stars adorn with glimm'ring
The crowded pole, and gild the glowing night.
If Chance should govern and direct the whole,
And be thro' all the vivifying soul,
Let Sceptics say, by what new motion given,
These atoms knew the wilderness of heaven;
Could skim thro' liquid fields, before un-
known, [own.

And meet and range † with senses not their
Thro' untry'd regions, could they ever stray,
Thro' undetermin'd space, an endless way;
No sense to rule them in th' uncertain road,
And ev'ry path without their knowledge trod?

Hence are we taught some power supreme
to fear,

And him, as Author of the World, revere:
Hence reason shews, this heavenly Monarch
reigns, [chains;

Free from the clog of matter's pond'rous
Else had the sluggish lump inactive laid,
Or (what's more true) perhaps been never
madet; †

No subtle spark of fine ætherial fire,
Reason to curb the will, and rule desire.

* Alluding to the 19th Psalm. Their sound is
gone out into all lands.

† This line only proves that matter is not natu-
rally a cogitative substance; it is the business of
the 36th line to prove, that matter cannot be made
to think by any modification of it.

‡ Matter could not be eternal (for whatever is
eternal is independent) unless an eternal creation
were possible.

Whence issu'd sense? how came we first to
know?

For sleepy atoms could not thought bestow;
In various orders bid them swiftly run,
Whisk thro' the air till thought begin to burn,
Till glowing sense awake the lifeless mass,
And reas'ning mortals vegetate like grass:
Till matter feel a pungent sense of pain,
This you may try, but ages try in vain.
No more let fools in science dream of }
chance,

How giddy atoms, thro' the vast expanse,
Wheel'd by themselves in curves & harmo-
nious dance.

So fabled demons winding circles run,
Till the first redd'ning of the rising sun;
When peeps the rosy morn, the trembling
spright

Flies from the sun-shine, and avoids the light.

Let Atheists tell, how first this matter came
In beauteous order, and a god-like frame;
How heaps inertial steer'd a course so wise,
And mark'd and fix'd the districts of the skies;
Why Saturn seiz'd at first his cold abode, ||
Nor can approach more near the burning god;
How was it first debated, then agreed,
That Sun the rest so vastly should exceed;
A chaos once, 'till Heaven's despotic Lord
In power and wisdom gave the forming word,
No stars enamell'd shot a twinkling light,
Nor azure concave grew upon the sight;
Earth, sea, and skies, in mix'd confusion lay,
No sun as yet reveal'd the radiant day;
Unmov'd, uniform'd, remain'd th' unwieldy
god ¶,

Clay without motion, and a dusky clod;
Nature herself appear'd without a face,
A monstrous ruin, an amphibious mass,
Till thro' the void, the senseless bulk, he
hurl'd [world,

Wisdom to guide, and power to move the
By destin'd laws, the mingled masses fly
At his command, and clear the gloomy sky.

But what more largely shews the work di-
vine,—

Of human structure, that admir'd machine,
O'er all the frame the generous juices flow,
Bid in the womb the hard'ning embryo grow;

& It is demonstrat'd that the orbits of planets are
eclipses; and that the comets move in eclipses very
eccentric, approaching nearly to Parabolas. Vide
Newt. *Wisp. &c.*

|| It is found by astronomers that Saturn is at so
great a distance from the Sun, as to be almost 30
years in going round him.

¶ Before the Almighty had impress'd that par-
ticular kind of motion upon the Sun which consti-
tuted its light.

A soul

A soul celestial to the lump he joins,
And his own image in the fabric shines.
What ages past can his existence bound,
Or where set borders to the vast profound?
I'm lost—I'm lost—no period can I find,
No time to terminate th' Almighty mind.—
It must be so;—Eternity's allow'd;—
Eternal God! rebound the joyful croud.
What headstrong mortal, impotent of mind,
Shall mock eternal power and wisdom join'd?
Thro' boundless space the monster shall be driv'n,

Like fabled giants, by the wrath of heav'n.
If all the host celestial dare engage
The King of Heav'n, unequal war they wage:
For GOD ETHERNAL can on none depend,
Or need assistance from a foreign friend:
Self-happy rules; unlimited his sway;
All ranks of beings his behests obey.

EUSEBIUS.

O D E

*On the Pleasure arising from VICISSITUDE.**Lest unfinished by Mr. GRAY.**With Additions (in Italics) by Mr. MASON.*

NOW the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing;
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft,
She woos the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters her frehest, tenderest green.
New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzling sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise my soul! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapt'rous choir among;
Hark! 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the general song.

*Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm, as the ray that bids it glow,
And animates the vernal grove,
With health, with harmony, and love.*

Yesterday the fullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy desires
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow,
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;

While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour,
And blacken round our weary way,
Gild with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Mistory treads
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again:
The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common fun, the air, the skies,
To Him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell,
Near the source where Pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear chrysaline well,
And tastes it as it goes.

While, far below, the madding crowd
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
And perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where Indolence and Pride,
Sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,
Go, softly rolling, side by side,
Their dull, but daily round:
To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from Pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavour high,
Of sober, simple, genuine Joy?

Mark Ambition's march sublime,
Up to Power's meridian height;
While pale-eyed Envy sees him climb,
And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of Danger, Death and Dread,
Float hourly round Ambition's head;
While Spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

Happier he, the peasant, far,
From the pangs of Passion free,
That breathes the keen but wholesome air,
Of rugged penury.
He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noon-tide sun;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

He, unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels, and owns, in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear Vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day, the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of Wealth,
In Heaven's best treasures, Peace and Health.

THE FLATTERER.

From Imitations of the Characters of Theophrastus.

THE Flatt'rer is a nurse, to wait on,
And feed with pap, his baby great one,
And sooth the froward pouting thing
With 'that's a dear,' and 'There's a king.'

Hq!!

He'll smirk upon his Lord, and cry,
How you arrest the public eye !
In truth, when'er you come in view,
There's no one look'd upon but you :
But, à-propos, the club last night
Was vastly num'rous and polite ;
And there you had such honour paid,
Such justice done, I should have said ;
For you, they all declar'd, might claim
A kind of full exclusive fame.
Thus prating, if a straggling mote
Should trespass on his lordship's coat,
Or thread should seem inclin'd to stray,
He picks it cringingly away.
Should a grey hair perchance arise,
It proves my lord extremely wise ;
But, if his poll quite black appears,
It shows great vigour at his years,
The flatt'rer, 'till his patron's heard,
Wo'n't suffer you to speak a word ;
But all the while, before his face,
Praises his manner, tone, and grace ;
And then chimes in at ev'ry close
With—What amazing thoughts are those !
Before his patron has well spoken
As vile a jest as could be broken,
The sycophant begins to stare,
And strains, and wriggles in his chair,
And bites his handkerchief in half
To stifle the pretended laugh.
He'll strut before his lord, and bawl,
Stand back there, fellows ! from the wall :
A plague upon ye, and a new rope !
You croud the greatest man in Europe.
He carries to his patron's sons
His pockets stuff'd with macaroons ;
And in his presence he'll carol 'em,
And kifs, and dandle 'em, and blest 'em,
And swear he doats on them the rather
'Cause they're so vastly like their father !
'Tis plain the flatt'rer must have got
The length too of his patron's foot ;
For, should his lordship but try on
A pair of pumps, 'tis ten to one
But he protests, he never knew
So neat a foot done justice to !
Soon as he learns my lord intends
A visit to some neighb'ring friends,
Off starts the flatt'rer to announce
His coming, and runs back at once,
And says, I have propounded to 'em
The honour you *much*faste to do 'em.
If he would court some patroness,
He's quite a connoisseur in dress,
And skips and dances up and down
To half the ma'moiselles in town ;
Descants on all that women wear—
A very band-box chevalier.
He no where more completely shines
Than when he with his lordship dines :
Of smiles and praises how profuse !
He sips and smacks the rosy juice ;
On ev'ry dith in rapture dwells,
Develops how each fance excels ;
Then turns, and wishes he could see
His lordship eat more heartily.
His lordship's footman he outskips
To reach a cushion for his hips :

Then sits him down politely near,
And hangs in whispers on his ear ;
Nor deigns the company a word,
But what's in defence to my lord.
Viewing some house, he reads a lecture
On its majestic architecture !
Remarks with exquisite delight
That it's a most enchanting site ;
The park too is immensely pleasant ;
That is, if their possessor's present :
Nay, he can even raise his battery
On base of other people's flattery,
And, though they dedicate like STEELE,
They don't do justice by a deal :
And portraits, flatt'ring out of reason,
Strike him the moment that he sees one !
In short, he's like a fawning hound,
That barks, and jumps, and capers round,
And lets you play with him, or kick,
In hopes to get a bone to pick.

*Written in a Pleasure-House built on the Avon,
and decorated with Busts of Poets.*

IN this fair Vill, which suits retirement
well,
The Muse shall visit, and the Naiad dwell ;
No murmur shall invade the nymph's repose,
But her own *Avon's* which beneath thee flows ;
No ruder sound affect amusement's ease
Than the soft whisper of the vernal breeze ;
By *Probus* sent, his fav'rite bards are come,
Act his behest, and consecrate the dome.

ON a FIGURE

Painted within the College at Winchester.

(From the LATIN.)

WOULD'ST thou an useful servant see ?
then view

This figur'd emblem with attention due,
Behold him, with projected snout of swine,
On whatsoever food content to dine :
Thus lock'd his lips, and ever closely prest'd,
Secure the secret in his faithful brest.
His ears are asinine, erect and wide,
With patience list'ning, should his master
chide :

Observe him footed, like the stag, below,
As speedy to return as quick to go :
His left hand, loaden, to his toil is just,
His open right speaks honesty and trust ;
His habit, neatness ; and the sword he wears,
And shield, which poiz'd upon his arm he
bears,

Proclaim him ready, on the least alarm,
To guard his master and himself from harm.

SONNET.

*Composed in a Gentleman's Garden, in June last,
and now addressed to a young Lady.*

THO' the country now discloses
Charming beds of blushing roses ;
Lilies, pinks of various hue,
Honeyuckles, v'lets blue ;
Fine carnations at my feet,

FIN

Fill the air with odour sweet;
Tho' the hazel copse and grove
Echo with the songs of love:
Tho' the linnet and the thrush
Came from a neighb'ring bush,
Yet they can't extort the dart,
Nancy levell'd at my heart.

Tho' in Eden's bow'r I stand,
Viewing far the cultur'd land;
Scenes diversify'd and new,
Ever opening to my view:
Pastures fair extending wide,
Where the river rolls its tide.
See the verdant vested plains,
Laughing nymphs, and happy swains;
Here a house, and there a mill,
Here a flock, and there a rill;
None of these, alas! can please—
Nancy has destroy'd my ease.

Bless'd with her, e'en Lapland, drear,
Would a paradise appear;
When she's absent, Arcady
Is a desert unto me—
Come then, my fair, my suit approve,
Hear my tender tale of love:
Look with pity on my youth,
Hear the artless voice of truth;
Smile propitious, then shall I
Be the happiest 'neath the sky!—
All I wish, and all I fancy,
Can alone be found in Nancy.

MADRIGAL: *Imitated from the Spanish*
by DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

FOR me my fair a wreath hath wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
As oft the kiss'd this gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee, within a damask rose,
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Maria's lip.

There, tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
The ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey fled away.

G R A C E.

Written at Bath, by DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

YE Beaux Esprits, say, what is GRACE;
Dwells it in motion, shape, or face?
Or is it all the three combin'd,
Guided and soften'd by the mind?
Where it is not, all eyes may see;
But where it is,—all hearts agree:
'Tis there, when easy in its state,
The mind is elegantly great;
Where looks give speech to every feature,
The sweetest eloquence of nature;
A harmony of thought and motion,
To which at once we pay devotion.
—But where to find this *nonpareil*!
Where does this female wonder dwell,

Who can at will our hearts command?
—Behold in public—CUMBERLAND!

* *The affability and general deportment of Mr R. Highness render the compliment a deserved one.*

The SERMON without END. Imitated from the
French of Mons. De la Gondamine.

A Priest, whom good lungs never left in
the lurch, [the church,
But whose breath gave a lethargy thorough
Would preach all his people asleep & awake,
Confounded their senses, nor made them to
quake;

Yet his sermons for years had been so long
and loud, [him conclude.

That no creature could say, they e'er heard

It was Lent, and the people were very sharp
set; [in a pet.

So they risk'd their poor souls, and left church
The sexton he stay'd—he'd no cause to repine;
He cheer'd up his soul with the bread and
the wine:

And then brought the keys—left the priest
in the lurch; [the church.

Saying, when you have done, father—look up

Another TRANSLATION.

A Certain old preacher, by nature long-
winded,

So tired his flock, and so little they minded,

That all by consent went to sleep:

Awaking, they found he was still going on,
Without having finish'd the first head or his
plan,

They out of the church by turns creep.

The sexton remains, tho' impatient & thirsty,
Yet consoling himself with some wine and
bread musty,

That by good hap in a corner he found:
Then reaching the keys, he gives them the
priest. [the rest,

Saying, Sir, I must go: when you've finish'd
Pray fasten the door safe and sound.

E P I G R A M S.

On the LADIES wearing of FEATHERS.

WHEN LEDA, the lovely, grew weary
of man,

And PASIPHAE broke her strong tether;
The last lik'd a bull, and the first lov'd a swan,
But, 'twas all for the sake of the Feather.

On a bad Servant, but a good Nurse.

SAYS Dick to his friend—I'd turn Mary
away,

She hath not a quality worthy her pay:
No, says he, I will not—I sha'n't get such
another, [mother,

For she constantly nurs'd both my father and
“That's my view to discharge her—would
you keep your breath—

As she nurs'd both your father and mother
to death.”

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

NAPLES, April 4.

An epidemical distemper has carried off many people in this capital within this last fortnight, and still continues, but with less violence. The distemper is a fever of the putrid kind, affecting the head and stomach, and, although it is catching, the physicians do not look upon it to be more so than fevers of that sort generally are. In some cases, *Dr. Fume's Powders* have been administered, and have proved efficacious.—*Gaz.*

Paris, May 5. The want of corn is so great all over this kingdom, as to have occasioned a general mutiny at Tours and Dijon, and even in Paris. The bakers shops and the markets have been pillaged; and the mutineers became at length so formidable, that the military force was called forth, and 120 of them were taken, and lodged in the Bastille, who will, no doubt, be severely punished.—During the rising at Paris and Versailles, the Count d'Artois, in order to appease the populace, mounted his horse and rode among the people, throwing money amongst them, but it had no effect, for he was called to on all sides, "We do not want money, but bread."

The King has issued an edict, allowing to all vessels, as well French as Foreigners, that shall arrive with foreign corn in any French ports, before the 1st of August, a premium of 18 sols for every quintal of wheat and 12 sols for every quintal of rye to be immediately paid by the King's officers.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Lezwithiel, in Cornwall, May 3 Last night as three journey men carpenters were returning from Killington, near this place, where they had been at work, they all fell into a tin mine, eight fathom deep, six of which were under water: By this accident (which was occasioned by the darkness of the night) they were all drowned.

Bury, May 10. Wednesday morning, about five o'clock, a fire broke out at a new-erected farm-house situated on Culford-Heath, (the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Cornwallis) which in a short time consumed the same; the flames were so rapid that two cottages (newly-erected) were consumed, by which the poor cottagers lost their all, and two children were with much difficulty saved. Also this morning the church of Fornham St. Genoveve, was burnt down, except the bare wall. The former was occasioned by the chimney catching fire and communicating to the thatch; the latter, by means of a gun being fired at some jack-daws which had lodged on the steeple; the wad lodging in the thatch, the church caught fire, and was soon consumed; one of the bells broke in falling.

MISCELL. VOL. III.

LONDON, April 23.

The Europa East-Indianman, Capt. Pelly, is safe arrived from Bombay.

Comparative view of the maritime forces of England, France, and Spain:—France and Spain have fit for immediate service, 146 sail of the line—England has fit for immediate service, 93.—Majority in favour of France and Spain, 53.

29. The several persons apprehended for the riot and rescue in Moor-fields, (see p. 131) were tried at Hicks's-hall, when some were sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate 3 yrs. others 5, and the most notorious for 7.

May 2. This day the sessions ended at the Old Bailey, at which the following prisoners were capitally convicted, viz. Daniel Gregory and Wm. Barrett, for a highway robbery on Hounslow-heath; Thomas Palmer, Michael Conway, and Thomas McDonald, for burglary; Thomas Wood, for stealing cattle on Epping-forest; Henry Jordan, Frederick Williams, John Hines, and Tho. Tunks, for house breaking; Samuel Storer and Samuel Crofs, for breaking open a butcher's shop, and stealing meat; John Toppins, for horse-stealing; and Richard Walthall, for stealing from Mr. Chr. Alderson, to whom he was clerk, two warrants, one for 213l. the other for 166l. 4s. for which he had received the money.

At this sessions, Thomas Bates, late a sergeant in the 3d regiment of guards, was tried for the murder of his wife, and found guilty of manslaughter only. He bore a very good character, the a very bad one, which, no doubt, had great weight with the jury, as one witness swore positively that he had threatened to butcher her.

3. Mark-Lane. There is now the greatest quantity of foreign corn in the port of London ever known at one time, which, with the warmth of the weather, occasions an excessive dulness in the trade in general. On Monday 53 and 54s. were given for some exceeding fine samples of Essex, but at the close of the market 52s. was reckoned a top price, and to-day question whether any would have fetched that money. In middling samples there is still a greater difference, the mealmen buying the finest American full 4s. per quarter cheaper than last week. Barley is also lower, great quantities fold from 20 to 23, and must be exceeding fine to exceed 25s. per quarter. Beans nearly as they were, but oats declining.

5. A duel was lately fought between Lieut. Reynolds and Lieut. Ruxton, at Limerick, in Ireland, at eight in the evening, when the former was shot in the belly, and died some hours after. Before he died, he sent for Mr. Ruxton, acknowledged himself to blame before witnesses, was very sorry for what had

M m

happened,

happened, pulled a ring off his finger, and requested Lieut. Ruxton to wear it as a token of remembrance. The coroner's inquest brought in their verdict in favour of Mr. Ruxton, manslaughter in his own defence.

12. His Grace the Duke of Chandos was sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council.

The Court of King's-Bench proceeded to state the Judges report, in order to pronounce judgment in the case of Macklin against Lee, James, Aldus, Miles, and Clarke; but after the Court had referred the whole matter to the master, to oblige the offenders to make Macklin a reasonable compensation in damages for two years salary at 400*l.* each, two benefits at 200*l.* each, and the whole of his expences out of pocket, Macklin generously relinquished the whole of his damages, upon the defendants taking 200*l.* worth of tickets; that is to say, 100*l.* for his daughter's benefit, 100*l.* for his own, and paying 100*l.* to the proprietors of Covent-garden theatre for the loss they sustained when the riot happened. It is worthy of observation, that the defendants must have been ruined if matters had been pushed to extremities. All the defendants were present but Miles.

A surprizing large oak tree was lately felled on Windfor-forest, which sold for 10*l.*

The following was taken from a shew-board in a country village in Yorkshire:—*Wrighten and readen and trow spellin and also marchants accounts withe double enterrey taut bear, N. B. Girls and boys boarded and good youzeitch for children.*

The Virginians are the most resolute in their opposition to the Parliamentary authority of this kingdom over her Colonies. They have not only taxed themselves to support an army, but have even raised that army, and appointed a general to command; who, it is thought, will command the general army of the provinces, should matters come to extremity.

15. Mr. Burke presented to the House of Commons a representation and remonstrance from the General Assembly of New-York, which, after a warm debate, in which Mr. Cruger, Member for Bristol, distinguished himself, was rejected:—In this remonstrance the Americans recapitulate the grievances they labour under from several acts of the British legislature, and conclude their claims of redress in the following manner:—

“We claim but a restoration of those rights which we enjoyed, by general consent, before the close of the last war; we desire no more than a continuation of that ancient government to which we are entitled by the principles of the British constitution, and by which can alone be secured to us the rights of Englishmen. Attached by every tie of interest and regard to the British nation, and accustomed to behold with reverence and respect its excellent form of government, we harbour not an idea of diminishing the power and grandeur of the mother-country, or less-

ening the lustre and dignity of parliament; our object is the happiness which, we are convinced, can only arise from the union of both countries. To render this union permanent and solid, we esteem it the undoubted right of the colonies to participate of that constitution whose direct end and aim is the liberty of the subject; fully trusting that this Honourable House will listen with attention to our complaints, and redress our grievances, by adopting such measures as shall be found most conducive to the general welfare of the whole empire, and most likely to restore union and harmony among all its different branches.

“By order of the General Assembly,
JOHN CRUGER, Speaker.”

The above remonstrance was transmitted to Bristol by the Charming Peggy, which sailed from New-York the 27th of March, and arrived at Bristol on the 2d of May. She brought, besides the above, a firm, dutiful, and loyal petition to the King, and a memorial to the Lords, neither of which have been attended with the wished-for success, notwithstanding the ministry had purposely given an opening to the General Assembly of New-York to shew their moderation by acquiescing in the terms of the conciliating clause proposed by Lord North. From the favourable disposition of the above Assembly in disclaiming the authority of the proceedings of the Continental Congress, hopes were entertained that the whole province was ready to submit, and that the acts of the British parliament would be acknowledged as binding, by those who had rejected the resolutions of the Congress as of no force; but in this Government appear to have been mistaken. The Assembly seem to be of opinion, that the acts of both are alike unconstitutional; and the sense of the people, if it may be collected from their late proceedings, is wholly in favour of the congressional side: for, notwithstanding the vote of their representatives, by the latest accounts received from thence, they were again proceeding to chuse delegates to represent the province in the Congress that was to meet on the 10th instant; nor has the following circular letter, directed to the several Governors, by the Secretary of State for the American department, had the least effect to influence their conduct on that occasion:

“SIR, Whitehall, Jan. 4. 1775.

“Certain persons styling themselves Delegates of his Majesty's colonies in America, having presumed, without his Majesty's authority or consent, to assemble together at Philadelphia, in the months of September & October last; and having thought fit, among other unwarrantable proceedings, to resolve that it will be necessary, that another congress should be held in the same place on the 10th of May next, unless redress for certain pretended grievances be obtained before that time, and to recommend that all the colo-

nies in North-America should choose deputies to attend such congress; I am commanded by the King, to signify to you his Majesty's pleasure, That you do use your utmost endeavours to prevent any such appointment of deputies within the colony under your government; and that you do exhort all persons to desist from such unwarrantable proceeding, which cannot but be highly displeasing to the King. I am, Sir, &c.

DARTMOUTH."

Though this letter appears manifestly calculated to defeat the meeting of the intended congress, yet, as no regard has been paid to it in *choosing delegates*, it is much doubted whether it will have any effect in preventing their assembling. No means, however, have been left untried to excite jealousies to divide them. The disputes formerly about the quotas which every colony should furnish, when the common enemy were butchering and scalping the inhabitants on their frontiers, have been called to mind by the friends of government, to shew what little reliance there is on a thorough union of the colonies, and how much more eligible it would be to submit to parliament, than to depend on the strength of an opposition, which, from the jarring interests of the members that compose it, can never be expected to act in concert. These, with many arguments of the like kind, have been occasionally urged, to induce the colonies separately to make their peace, before things are brought to extremities; but hitherto the people have stood firm.

At Boston, as Gen. Gage, by his moderation and prudent conduct; has been able to preserve the strictest discipline among his troops, so the civil magistrates, on their part, have been equally vigilant in restraining the excesses of the common people. The complaints that have been justly founded have in general been redressed, and, except the ordinary irregularities occasioned by liquor, no material injury has been done by the soldiers to the inhabitants, nor by the inhabitants to the soldiers, except by refusing them supplies. But this pacific temper will probably soon have an end. When the succours arrive, the intentions of government cannot be long concealed. Some insults have already been offered, which the injured parties have prudently overlooked. On the 16th of March, (the day the provincial congress had recommended for fasting and prayer) a party of the 4th regiment, when the people were assembling, pitched two marquee tents within ten yards of their place of worship, and, with three drums and three fifes, kept beating and playing during the whole time of divine service. On the 17th, Col. Hancock's fine seat near the Common was mal-treated, the fences broken down, and the enclosures defaced; and, on the 18th, the Neck-guard seized 13,425 musket-cartridges, with 3000lb. weight of ball, private property, which the General refused to restore on the application

of the owner. These are the preludes, perhaps, to hostilities of a more serious nature, which will lead to the discovery of the intentions of the ministry, by transporting to America so formidable a force.

St. James's, May 17. Advice has been received of the safe arrival of the Anson, with the Judges on board, at Fort St. George on the 20th of September last, and the Ashburnham with General Glavering, Col. Monson, and Mr. Francis, on the 21st, and that they failed together on the 24th of the same month for Bengal.

18. One of his Majesty's electoral messengers arrived from Hanover, with the melancholy account, that her Majesty Carolina Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway, died at Zell on the 10th instant, about midnight, of a malignant fever, after an illness of five days, to the great grief of their Majesties and all the royal family.—She was born July 22, 1751, and married at St. James's, Oct. 1, 1766, by proxy, to Christian VII. King of Denmark.—On this news being made public, the Lord Chamberlain issued orders for the Court's going into mourning on Wednesday the 24th instant, viz. The ladies to wear black silk, plain muslin or long lawn, crape or love hoods, black silk shoes, black glazed gloves, and black paper fans. Undress, black or dark grey unwatered tabbies.—The men to wear black cloth, without buttons on the sleeves or pockets, plain muslin or long lawn cravats and weepers, black swords & buckles. Undress, dark grey frocks.—The officers of the army, fleet, and marines, to wear a black crape round their left arms, with their uniforms.—The Earl Mariball also gave notice, that it was expected, that all persons do put themselves into decent mourning.

20. Sir Beaumont Hotham, and Jn. Heath, Esq; of the Inner Temple, were called to the degree of Serjeants at Law; and Sir Beaumont was also sworn into the office of a Baron of the Court of Exchequer.

23. Mr. Lee was declared duly elected Alderman of Aldgate ward, in the room of Wm. Shakespeare, Esq; deceased.

24. The Duchess of Kingston (who arrived on the 20th inst. from Italy) appeared in the court of King's Bench, to answer to an indictment preferred against her for marrying the late Duke, her former husband being then alive, where her Grace entered into a recognisance, herself in 4000l. and her four sureties—(the D. of Newcastle, Ld. Mount Stewart, Mr. Laroche, and Sir Tho. Clarges) in 1000l. each, that she shall appear to answer the said indictment, whenever called upon by the King and her Peers in parliament assembled.

28. About eight o'clock in the evening a duel was fought in Hyde-park, between Col. R—, and Mr. G—, when Mr. G—, who was to fire first, fired and missed his antagonist, then Col. R— fired, and shot Mr. G— in the middle of his thigh; but Mr. G— in-

M m 2

sitting

fisting on discharging the contents of the second pistol, through the assistance of a chair, (not being able to stand) fired again, and lodged the contents in Col. R.—'s knee-pan; the Colonel, still being desirous of firing again, would, had it not been through the persuasion of Messrs. H. and T. who told him what danger he was in: the Colonel declining, the matter ended.

31. This morning died George Augustus Rochford, Esq; of the wound he received in the above duel with Mr. G.

Upwards of 100 pieces of cannon, of a new construction, so light as to be carried by a man on horseback, and which carry balls from 4 to 7 pounds weight, and 10,000 stand of arms, were shipped from the Tower in the course of the present month, for the use of the troops in America.

NEWS from AMERICA.

From the ESSEX GAZETTE, printed at Salem, in New England, April 25.

Wednesday the 10th of April, the troops of his Britannic Majesty commenced hostilities upon the people of this province. The particulars relative to this interesting event, by which we are involved in all the horrors of a civil war, we have endeavoured to collect as well as the present confused state of affairs will permit.

On Tuesday evening a detachment from the army, consisting, it is said, of 8 or 900 men, commanded by Lieut. Col. Smith, embarked at the bottom of the common in Boston, on board a number of boats, and landed a little way up Charles river, from whence they proceeded with silence and expedition on their way to Concord, about 18 miles from Boston. The people were soon alarmed, and began to assemble in several towns before day-light, in order to watch the motion of the troops. At Lexington, six miles from Concord, a company of militia, of about 100 men, mustered near the meeting-house; the troops came in sight of them just before sun-rise; and running within a few rods of them, the commanding officer accosted the militia in these words: "Disperse, you Rebels—Damn you, throw down your arms, and disperse:" Upon which the troops huzzaed, and immediately one or two officers discharged their pistols, which were instantaneously followed by the firing of four or five of the soldiers, and then there seemed to be a general discharge from the whole body. Eight of our men were killed, and 9 wounded. In a few minutes after this action, the enemy renewed their march for Concord, at which place they destroyed several carriages, carriage wheels, and about 20 barrels of flour, all belonging to the province. Here about 150 men going to a bridge, of which the enemy were in possession, the latter fired, and killed two of our men, who then returned the fire, and obliged the enemy to retreat back to Lexington, where they met Lord

Percy, with a large reinforcement, and two pieces of cannon.

The enemy now having a body of near 1800 men, made a halt, picked up many of their dead, and took care of their wounded. At Menotomy, a few of our men attacked a party of 12 of the enemy, (carrying stores and provisions to the troops) killed one of them, wounded several, and made the rest prisoners, and took possession of all their arms, stores, and provisions, without any loss on our side. The enemy having halted one or two hours at Lexington, found it necessary to make a second retreat, carrying with them many of their dead and wounded whom they put into chaises and on horses that they found standing in the road. They continued their retreat from Lexington to Charles-town with great precipitation; and notwithstanding their rapid flight, our people continued the pursuit, firing at them till they got to Charles-town neck, which they reached a little after sun-set, over which the enemy passed, proceeded up Bunker's hill, and soon afterwards went into the town, under the protection of the Somerset man of war of 64 guns.

In Lexington the enemy set fire to Deacon Loring's house and barn, Mrs. Mulliken's house and shop, and Joshua Bond's house and shop, which were all consumed. They also set fire to several other houses, but our people extinguished the flames. They pillaged almost every house they passed by, breaking and destroying doors, windows, glasses, &c. and carrying off clothing and other valuable effects. It appeared to be their design to burn and destroy all before them; and nothing but our vigorous pursuit prevented their purposes from being put in execution. But the savage barbarity exercised upon the bodies of our unfortunate brethren who fell, is almost incredible; not content with shooting the unarmed, aged and infirm, they disregarded the cries of the wounded, killing them without mercy, and mangling their bodies in a most shocking manner.*

We have the pleasure to say, that notwithstanding the highest provocation given by the enemy, not one instance of cruelty, that we have

* A private letter from Salem thus accounts for the cruelty which the Salem Gazette writer here lays to the charge of the British troops:

"General Gage sent, on the 18th, a detachment to Concord, to render useless some cannon the Rebels were in possession of.—After effecting the business they were sent on, in returning back, the rebels, who durst not face the regulars, fired on them out of windows as they passed, which so irritated the King's troops, that they fired and burnt every place that harboured such cowardly miscreants; and had not their officers restrained their fury, more mischief would have ensued."

have heard of, was committed by our victorious militia; but, listening to the merciful dictates of the christian religion, they "breathed higher sentiments of humanity."

The consternation of the people of Charlestown, when our enemies were entering the town, is inexpressible; the troops however behaved tolerably civil, and the people have since nearly all left the town.

The following is the list of the Provincials who were killed and wounded.

KILLED. Messrs. Robert Monroe,* Jonas Parker,* Samuel Hadley,* Jonathan Harrington,* Caleb Harrington,* Isaac Muzzy,* John Brown,* John Raymond Nath. Wyman, and Jedidiah Munroe, of Lexington. Messrs. Jason Russell, Jabez Wyman, and Jason Winship, of Menotomy. Deacon Haynes, and Mr. Reed, of Sudbury. Captain James Miles, of Concord. Capt. Jonathan Wilfon, of Bedford. Capt. Davis, Mr. Horfmer, and Mr. James Howard, of Acton. Mr. Azael Porter,* and Mr. Daniel Thompson, of Woburn. Mr. James Miller, and Capt. Wm. Barber's son, aged 14, of Charlestown. Isaac Gardner, Esq; of Brookline. Mr. John Hickes, of Cambridge. Mr. Henry Putnam, of Medford. Mess. Abednego Ramsdel, W. Flint, Daniel Towniend, and Thomas Hadley, of Lynn. Messrs. Henry Jacobs, Sam. Cook, Ebenezer Goldthwait. Geo. Southwick, Benj. Doland, Jotham Webb, and Perley Putnam, of Danvers. Mr. Benj. Peirce, of Salem.

WOUNDED. Mess. John Robbins, John Tidd, Solomon Pierce, Thomas Winship, Nathaniel Farmer, Joseph Commer, Ebenezer Munroe, Francis Brown, and Prince Easterbrooks, (a negro man) of Lexington. Mr. Hemmenway, of Framingham. Mr. John Lane, of Bedford. Mr. Geo. Reed, and Mr. Jacob Bacon, of Woburn. Mr. Wm. Polly, of Medford. Mr. Joshua Felt, and Mr. Timothy Munroe, of Lynn. Mr. Nathan Putnam, and Mr. Dennis Wallis, of Danvers. Mr. Nathaniel Cleves, of Beverly.

MISSING. Mr. Samuel Frost, and Mr. Seth Ruffel, of Menotomy.

[These distinguished with this mark () were killed by the first fire of the enemy.]*

We have seen an account of the loss of the enemy, said to have come from an officer of one of the men of war; by which it appeared that 67 of the regulars, and 49 marines were killed, and 103 of both wounded: In all 215. Lieut. Gould of the 4th regiment, who is wounded, and Lieut. Porter of the marines, and about 12 soldiers, are prisoners.

Mr. James Howard, and one of the regulars, discharged their pieces at the same instant, and each killed the other.

Our late brethren of Danvers, who fell fighting for their country, were interred with great solemnity and respect on Friday last.

The public most sincerely sympathize with the friends and relations of our deceased bre-

thren, who gloriously sacrificed their lives in fighting for the liberties of their country.—By their noble intrepid conduct, they have endeared their memories to the present generation, who will transmit their names to posterity with the highest honour.

The following is the substance of the account of the before-mentioned affair, which is handed about at Lloyd's and Garraway's coffee-houses:

"General Gage having heard that the insurgents were drawing some cannon a few miles from Boston, he dispatched an officer with some troops, to demand them to be delivered up, which the insurgents refused to comply with.—A second message was sent, when the officer informed them, that he must obey his orders, which were, in case of a refusal to surrender them, that he must fire on those that surrounded them, but which he hoped they would prevent, by immediately relinquishing them. This they absolutely refused to do: on which the troops fired on them, and killed about sixty. On this the country arose, and assisted the insurgents to load the cannon, and they directly fired upon General Gage's troops, which did great execution, near 100 being killed and 60 wounded. The noise of the cannon alarmed Gen. Gage, who immediately sent Lord Percy, with a larger party of troops, to enquire into the matter. When his Lordship came to the place, he heard the officers' account of the dispute, and then returned back with the troops to General Gage's intrenchments, as he did not find any authority he had to proceed further in it."

In Provincial Congress, Warrertown, April 26. **To the Inhabitants of Great-Britain.**

"Friends and Fellow-Subjects,

"HOSTILITIES are at length commenced in this colony, by the troops under command of General Gage; and it being of the greatest importance that an early, true, and authentic account of this human proceeding should be known to you, the Congress of this Colony have transmitted the same; and from want of a session of the Hon. Continental Congress, think it proper to address you on this alarming occasion.

By the clearest depositions, relative to this transaction, it will appear, that on the night preceding the 19th of April instant, a body of the King's troops, under command of Col. Smith, were secretly landed at Cambridge, with an apparent design to take or destroy the military and other stores provided for the defence of this colony, and deposited at Concord; that some inhabitants of the colony, on the night aforesaid, whilst travelling peaceably on the road between Boston and Concord, were seized and greatly abused by armed men, who appeared to be officers of General Gage's army; that the town of Lexington by these means was alarmed, and a company of the inhabitants mustered on the

the occasion;* that the regular troops on their way to Concord marched into the said town of Lexington, and the said company on their approach began to disperse; that notwithstanding this the regulars rushed on with great violence, and first began hostilities by firing on the said Lexington company, whereby they killed eight and wounded several others; that the Regulars continued their fire until those of said company who were neither killed nor wounded, had made their escape; that Col. Smith with the detachment then marched to Concord, where a number of Provincials were again fired on by the troops, two of them killed, and several wounded, before any of the Provincials fired on them; and that these hostile measures of the troops produced an engagement which lasted thro' the day, in which many of the Provincials and more of the Regular troops were killed and wounded.

To give a particular account of the ravages of the troops, as they retreated from Concord to Charles-town, would be very difficult, if not impracticable; let it suffice to say, that a great number of the houses on the road were plundered and rendered unfit for use, several were burnt, women in childbed were driven by the soldiery naked into the streets, old men peaceably in their houses were shot dead, and such scenes exhibited as would disgrace the annals of the most unciviliz'd nations.

These, brethren, are marks of ministerial vengeance against this colony, for refusing, with her sister colonies, a submission to slavery; but they have not yet detached us from our Royal Sovereign; we profess to be his loyal and dutiful subjects; and so hardly dealt with as we have been, are still ready with our lives and fortunes to defend his person, family, crown, and dignity; nevertheless, to the persecution and tyranny of his cruel ministry, we will not tamely submit; appealing to heaven for the justice of our cause, "we determine to die or be free."

We cannot think that the honour, wisdom and valour of Britons will suffer them to be longer inactive spectators of measures in which they themselves are so deeply interested; Measures pursued in opposition to the solemn protests of many noble Lords, and the expressed sense of conspicuous Commons, whose knowledge and virtue have long characterized them as some of the greatest men in the nation; measures executing contrary to the interest, petitions, and resolves of many large, respectable counties, cities, and boroughs in Great Britain; measures highly incompatible with justice, but still pursued with a specious pretence of easing the nation of its burthens; measures which, if successful, must end in the ruin and slavery of Britain, as well as the persecuted American Colonies.

We sincerely hope that the great Sovereign of the universe, who hath so often appeared for the English nation, will support you in

* There were 100 Provincials and 900 Regulars.

every rational and manly exertion with these colonies for saving it from ruin, and that in a constitutional connection with our mother country, we shall soon be altogether a free and happy people.

Signed by Order, JOS. WARREN, President.

The London Gazette of Tuesday, May 30, contains the following paragraph:

Secretary of State's Office, Whitehall, May 30.
"A report having been spread, and an account having been printed and published, of a skirmish between some of the people in the province of Massachusetts Bay and a detachment of his Majesty's troops; it is proper to inform the public, that no advices have as yet been received in the American department of any such event.—There is reason to believe, that there are dispatches from General Gage on board the Sukey, Captain Brown, which, though he sailed four days before the vessel that brought the printed account, is not yet arrived.

MARRIED.

The Earl of Lincoln, eldest son of the Duke of Newcastle, to the Hon. Miss Conway, daughter of the Earl of Hertford.

The Right Hon. Lord Boston, to Miss Methuen, only daughter of Paul Methuen, Esq; of Corham, Wilts.

Major-General Henry Campbell, of Boquhan, to Miss Mary Crawford, eldest daughter of Sir Hew Crawford, Bart.

James Barber, Esq; of Upway in Dorsetshire, to Miss Simons, of Sackville-street.

Thomas Leigh, Esq; of the Queen's light-dragoons, to Miss Fanny Leighton, youngest daughter of the late Gen. Leighton.

Charles Baldwin, Esq; Knight of the Shire for Salop, to Mrs. Palmer, a widow lady.

At Bath, Wm. Brodie, Esq; to Miss Atherton Smith, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Atherton Smith, Esq; of Asheley in Cheshire.

Henry Hobhouse, Esq; counsellor at law, of Clifton, to Miss Jenkins, of Wells.

Rev. John Gutch, M. A. to Miss Eliza Weller, of Oxford.

At Whitchurch, Hants, Capt. Cole, to Miss Polly Hayter.

The Rev. Thomas Pentycroft, rector of St. Mary's, Wallingford, to Miss Allen, of Preston-Crowmarsh, Oxon.

John Lea, Esq; to Miss Elizabeth Fisher, of Limpley-Stoke, Wilts.

Brackley Kennet, Esq; of Pall-Mall, to Mrs. Smith, near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

William Gooch, Esq; second son of Sir Tho. Gooch, Bart. of Benacre-Park, to Miss Villa Real.

At Fareham, **** Abborow, Esq; to Miss Hammond, of Winchester.

Robert Duke, Esq; to Miss Rashleigh, daughter of the late Jonathan Rashleigh, Esq; of Wickham, Hants.

The Rev. Herman Drew, rector of Wootton-Fitzpaine, Dorset, to Miss Hatherly, only daughter of the Rev. William Hatherly, vicar of Colyton, Devon.

Tho. Blackmore, Esq; of Briggins in Herts, to Miss Borman, of Maidstone.

Mr. Nicholas Phipps, mercer, in Fleet-street, to Miss M. Adderley, of Doctors Commons.

D I E D.

In Privy Gardens, Whitehall, her Grace the Duchess of Montague.

Of a fit of coughing, which burst a blood vessel, the Hon. James Boscawen, lieutenant general of his Majesty's land forces, colonel of the 24th reg. of foot, and brother to Lord Viscount Falmouth.

Sir Francis Vincent, of Stoke D' Abernon, Surry, Bart. Member for the county.—He is succeeded in title and estate by his eldest son, now Sir Francis Vincent, Bart.

Dr. Nich. Robinson, an eminent physician, author of several valuable treatises in physic and philosophy.

Of an apoplectic fit, the Rev. Tho. Curteis, D. D. one of the prebendaries of Canterbury cathedral, rector and vicar of Sevenoaks.

The Hon. Henry Grimstone.

Aged 82, Mrs. Bullock, relict of the late Dr. Bullock, Dean of Norwich.

At Wallingford, in the 77th year of his age, Mr. Richard Toovey, attorney, and senior alderman of that corporation.

Miss Hollins, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Hollins, vicar of Ledbury.

At Bultin in Breconshire, Mrs. Price, relict of John Price, Esq; of Hendrey in that county.

Rev. Richard Keeble, rector of Newton-Toney in Wiltshire.

Mrs. Geary, relict of Admiral Geary.

James Lee, Esq; formerly a commander in the East-India Company's service.

By a fall from his horse, Mr. Stalling, insurance-broker, Lombard-street.

At Salt-hill, William Neate, Esq; merchant, on St. Mary-hill.

At Bath, the Hon. George Hamilton.

The Right Hon. Lady Sophia Lambert, eldest daughter of the Earl of Cavan.

Dr. Greene, one of the chaplains to Chelsea hospital.

At Brightelmstone, Humphry Cotes, Esq; late candidate for Westminster.

Robert Ireland, Esq; an agent for the army.

John Creffitt, Esq; joint-comptroller of the army accounts.

Aged 72, the Rev. Samuel Holcombe, M. A. prebendary of Winchester, and rector of Severn Stoke.

Mrs. Catharine Maria Bearcroft, eldest daughter of the late Sir William Compton, of Hartbury, Bart.

At Newport-Pagnell, aged 83, Mrs. Tandy, a widow gentlewoman, eminent among the people called Quakers.

At Tavistock, Richard Turner, Esq; clerk of the peace for Devon.

At Wilkcraft, near Hereford, Mr. Edward Rawlins: The bulk of his fortune, upwards of 28,000*l.* he has left to his nephew, Mr. John Ravenhill.

At Broom in Gloucestershire, Mr. John Keare, in his 107th year.

Mr. Anthony Paine, mercer, in Stroud.

Wm. Bankes, Esq; of Wynstanley in Lancashire: He married the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Wm. Meredith.

At Dublin, Dr. Ratty, an eminent physician; and the Hon. Arthur Dawson, late a baron of the Exchequer.

Of an apoplexy, **** Nevells, Esq; of Curzon-street.

Mrs. Wright, wife of A. Wright, Esq; banker.

Aged 63, Rev. John West, A. M. rector of Mepal, and vicar of Sutton in the Isle of Ely. The Rev. Mr. Samuel Phillips, some years since minister of the gospel at Poole in Dorsetshire.

In his 24th year, Mr. Joseph Gape, merchant of Cheapside.

Mr. Carleton, in partnership with Mess. Dorian and Ruckers, bankers, in Finch lane.

Dr. Burton, chaunter of Exeter cathedral.

At Woodford in Essex, Rich. Warner, Esq; a gentleman well known in the literary world.

At the Lodge, in Breconshire, Lady Williams, mother to Sir Edward Williams, Bart.

Suddenly, the Rev. Mr. Kays, of Wickwar, Tho. Walmfley, Esq; steward to Ld. Ferris.

Rev. Mr. Westcott, senior priest-vicar of Exeter cathedral.

Anthony Burlington, Esq; of Shaftesbury.

Mrs. Saintloe, relict of the late John Saintloe, Esq; a rear admiral of his Majesty's navy.

George Quarne, Esq; one of his Majesty's commissioners of excise.

The Rev. Mr. Symons, at Swansea.

John Shakespear, Esq; alderman of Aldgate Ward.

Aged 69, Mr. Alderman Austen, an eminent mercer, of Oxford.

In his 6th year, Francis Wastie, Esq; high sheriff for Oxfordshire in the year 1770.

John Luxford, Esq; late an eminent wholesale grocer, in the borough.

At Greenwich, the Rev. Mr. Thomas.

Rev. Mr. Nott, one of the minor canons of Worcester cathedral, and rector of St. Martin in Worcester.

At Southampton, Capt. Clatworthy Thackstone.

William Jones, Esq; of Nafs.

At Gloucester, aged 82, Mrs. Stock, a widow lady, who, thro' the whole course of her life, had never eat any animal food.

The Hon. Miss Johnston, one of her Majesty's maids of honour, and daughter of Governor Johnston.

At Southampton, Mrs. Lisle, widow of John Lisle, Esq; late of Moles-court.

Aged 62, the Hon. Mr. Montague, uncle to the Earl Sandwich.

Rev. Mr. Milburne, rector of Rawreth, Essex.

Mr. George Drummond, of Craig's-court, Charing-cross.

The Rev. Dr. Crusius, prebendary of Worcester and Brecknock, rector of Shobdon in Herefordshire, and St. John's near Worcester.

At Scarborough, Mr. William Allason, aged 104, late governor of the Spa, in which station he lived for the last 30 years.

At Bath, Mrs. Mary Calvert, sister to John Calvert, Esq; member for Hertford.

At Bath, Capt. John Conyngham.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Dr. Wheeler, to the chancellorship of the diocese of Oxford.

Rev. Thomas Fothergill, D. D. to the fifth prebend in the cathedral church of Durham.

Rev. John Chester, to the vicarage of Lye in Gloucestershire.

Rev. Edmund Dana, clerk, M. A. to the rectory of Alton Botterell in Shropshire.

Rev. Francis Le Breton, to the deanry of Jersey.

Rev. Mr. Le Couteur, to the living of St. Martin's in the same island.

Rev. Nathan Wetherell, D. D. to the dignity of a canon or prebend in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster.

Edward Smallwell, clerk, to a canonry in Christ-Church, Oxford, void by the death of Dr. John Tette.

Rev. Mr. Booth Hewitt, to the vicarage of Calder in Lincolnshire.

Rev. Matthew Kentick, to the rectory of Blechingly in Surry.

Rev. Mr. Huddesford, to the living of Lid in Kent.

Rev. William Griffin, M. A. to be sacrist of Worcester cathedral, and minister of St. Michael in Bedwardine.

Rev. Mr. Conybeare, son of the late Bishop of Bristol, to the rectory of St. Botolph, Bishopgate-street.

Rev. Thomas Mostyn, M. A. to the rectories of Llanykil in Merionethshire, and Christleton in Cheshire.

Rev. Mr. Deake, A. B. to the rectory of St. Bride, in Monmouthshire, with that of St. Athan in Glamorganshire.

Rev. Salisbury Price, D. D. to the vicarage of Little Marlow in Bucks, with the rectory of Buckland in Surry.

Rev. Wm. Webber, M. A. to hold the rectory of Selsey with that of Birdshaw in Suffex.

Rev. Wm. Nance, to the vicarage of Boxley in Kent.

Rev. Tho. Hurst, B. L. to hold the rectory of Pickworth in Lincolnshire, with the rectory of Stanford in Nottinghamshire.

Rev. Charles Cave, to the rectory of South Kirtworn in Leicestershire.

Rev. Theophilus Proffer, to the rectory of Nova Villa Lupi, otherwise Wolf's Newton in Monmouthshire.

Rev. Goodyear St. John was instituted and inducted into the parish church of Mottisfont in Hants, by virtue of a writ issued to the Bishop, in consequence of the final determination of the House of Lords, concerning the presentation to that living.

The Bishop of Exeter has given the vicarage of Feock in Cornwall, to the Rev. Mr. John Seccombe.

CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Gen. Irwin, to be commander in chief of his Majesty's forces on the Irish establishment.
Colonel Mocher, to be colonel of the 11th regiment of dragoons.

Thomas Bull, Esq; to be collector of the Dorset collection, in the room of the late Wm. Hawksworth, Esq.

George Garrick, Esq; to be lieutenant of the yeomen of the guard.

**** Parker, Esq; Exon to the yeomen of the guard.

Lieut. Gen. John Irwin, to be commander in chief of all his Majesty's land forces in Ireland; also to be governor of Londonderry and Calmore Fort, and to be one of his Majesty's most hon. privy council in Ireland.

The Right Hon. James Montgomery, Esq; member for Peebleshire, to be judge advocate of Scotland.

Lieut. Col. Egerton, to be lieutenant-governor of the Scilly islands, in the room of Gen. Boscawen, deceased.

Mr. Heath, town-clerk of Exeter, to be one of the King's serjeants at law.

From the London Gazette, May 27.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

From May 15, to May 20, 1775.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.
	s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.				
London	5 9	3 3	2 9	2 0	3 0

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex	6 4	3 2	2 5	3 2	
Surry	6 4	3 1	2 5	3 10	
Hertford	6 2	2 11	2 3	3 9	
Bedford	6 5	4 10	3 9	2 1	3 0
Cambridge	6 6	4 0	2 10	2 0	2 7
Hunington	6 6	3 3	3 11	2 11	
Northampt.	7 1	5 0	3 6	2 1	3 0
Rutland	6 11	3 7	2 3	3 3	
Leicester	7 3	5 0	3 8	2 1	3 9
Nottingham	6 7	5 0	3 7	2 3	7
Derby	6 10		2 4	4 10	
Stafford	7 5	3 9	2 2	4 4	
Salop	7 4	5 10	3 9	1 11	4 0
Hereford	6 9	3 7	1 11	4 2	
Worcester	7 4	5 0	3 8	2 7	4 0
Warwick	7 3	3 10	2 6	5 0	
Glocester	7 5	3 4	2 4	4 3	
Wiltshire	6 3	2 9	2 4	4 3	
Berks	6 3	2 11	2 5	3 7	
Oxford	7 1	3 3	2 5	3 9	
Bucks	6 3	3 10	2 2	3 0	

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex	6 2	2 11	3 0	2 2	3 1
Suffolk	6 0	3 0	2 10	2 0	2 9
Norfolk	6 6	3 10	2 9	1 11	
Lincoln	6 5	4 6	3 0	1 10	3 2
ork	6 4	4 9	3 3	2 0	3 4
Durham	5 11	4 1	3 9	2 1	3 6
Northum.	5 6	3 10	3 1	2 0	3 5
Cumberland	6 5	4 5	3 6	2 2	4 1
Westmorel.	6 10	5 0	3 7	2 0	
Lancashire	6 4	3 5	2 1	3 7	
Cheshire	7 1	4 2	2 4		
Monmouth	7 0	3 7	1 10		
Somerset	7 1	3 0	2 1	3 1	
Devon	6 8	3 1	1 8		
Cornwall	6 7	3 9	1 10		
Dorset	7 0	2 10	2 3	3 11	
Hampshire	6 2	3 0	2 5	3 4	
Suffex	6 2	2 10	2 1	3 4	
Kent	6 3	3 0	2 1	3 11	

From May 8, to May 13, 1775.

W A L E S.

North Wales	6 8	5 1	3 6	1 9	4 2
South Wales	6 7	5 2	3 6	1 7	3 4

Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat.	1 1	3 9	2 9	2 1	3 0	2 1
Rye.						
Barley.						
Oats.						
Beans.						
Fig.						

Published by Authority of Parliament,
W. COOKE.

PRICE of STOCKS, May 30.

Bank stock,	142 $\frac{1}{2}$.	4 per cent. con.	90 $\frac{1}{2}$
5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	1758.	80 $\frac{1}{2}$.	3 per cent. con.
88 $\frac{1}{2}$.	3 per cent. red.	87 $\frac{1}{2}$.	3 per cent. 1726.
India stock,	154 $\frac{1}{2}$.	India Bonds,	613 prem.
South Sea stock,	—.	Ditto old ann.	—.
new ann.	87 $\frac{1}{2}$.	Ditto 1751.	—.
Long Ann.	26.	Navy bills,	$\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. disc.
Lottery		Tickets	131. 1s.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. Stock-Brokers
At their Lottery-Office, No. 53, Holbarn.